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THULE.

If thou art sweet as they are sad,
Who on the shores of Time's salt sea
Watch on the dim horizon fade
Ships bearing love to night and thee;

If past all beacons Hope hath lit
In the dark wanderings of the deep,
They who unwilling traverse it,
Dream not till dawn unseal their sleep;

Ah, cease not in thy winds to mock
Us who yet wake but cannot see
Thy distant shores; who at each shock
Of the waves' onset faint for thee!

Walter de la Mare.

THE VILLAGE IN THE LAKE.*

Beneath the lake green as a wizard's
beryl

The village sleeps the centuries
away,

The bells are ringing somewhere in the
sunshine

For weddings' and for burials to-
day;

But in the waters,

The green, shining waters,

The village sleeps, while life pursues
its way.

The fisher in the bark winged like a
swallow,

At dawn fast flitting o'er the crystal
wave,

Will swear he sees below it brown,
 quaint dwellings,

Each once a home, each long a name-
less grave;

For in the waters,

The clear, lapping waters,

The village sleeps, beneath the crys-
tal wave.

Above, the figs are purpling in the sum-
mer,

The maize gleams golden in the sun
and wind,

Around the fountains gossips laugh and
prattle,

The mother clasps the babe, lovers
are kind;

Down in the waters,

The cool, shadowed waters,

The village sleeps, unwarmed by sun
or wind.

The storm upon the mountains drives
the tempest

Across the lake scourged into pallid
rage,

The wolves proclaim the winter, frost
and hunger

Beset the folk ashore from youth to
age;

There in the waters,

The calm, peaceful waters,

The village sleeps, unscathed by tem-
pest's rage.

Throughout the ages rocky peaks have
splintered,

The world with wars has reddened
to its core,

Religions have been changed, and kings
been martyred,

Since first its place on earth knew
it no more;

Since in the waters,

The deep, flowing waters,

The village sleeps, and knows the
world no more.

Within it brides once wed and reared
men children,

For it the world was warm, too, in
its day;

The end was swifter than the summer
lightning,

That twined the people from their
work and play;

Now in the waters,

The kind, cruel waters,

The village sleeps, nor dreams of that
death-day.

At times some fair Undine, dimly feel-
ing

The human taint in the lake-gladness
fall,

May float athwart the casements,
strangely eyeing

A cradle, or the Christ upon the wall,

Where in the waters,

The green, secret waters,

The village sleeps, until the moun-
tains fall.

K. L. Montgomery.

* Lago Alleghe owes its origin to a landslide which in the eighteenth century buried three villages. In winter, when the ice is not too thick, or in calm summer weather the walls and roofs of one may be seen far below. Those there are, say the shore-dwellers, who have heard the bells tolling at midnight under the water for the unburied dead.

The Spectator.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.*

Will the grant of parliamentary votes to English women promote the welfare of England? This is the question which every elector throughout the United Kingdom will, as he values the prosperity of his country, be called upon, it may be within a few months and certainly within two or three years, to answer. It is a problem to which not one man in a thousand has given careful attention. In the attempt to solve it an elector will receive little aid from his leaders. The hesitation of the Government and the ambiguous silence of the Opposition are of bad omen; they suggest transactions and intrigues; they foretell that a fundamental change in the constitution of England, to which the world presents no real parallel, may be carried through in obedience, not to the clearly expressed will of the nation, but to those calculations of election agents and wire-pullers which guide the action even of honest statesmen who have too fully imbibed the spirit of parliamentary partisanship.

Our purpose in this article is to make woman suffrage the subject of calm argument. We propose to examine the main reason in favor of, and the objections which lie against, the establishment of woman suffrage; and then to insist upon the conclusion which such an investigation suggests, that a revolution of such boundless significance cannot be attempted without the greatest peril to England. Our line of reasoning involves two assumptions.

The one is that the concession of parliamentary votes to women must be, in Great Britain, either for good or bad, a revolution. The second is that woman suffrage must in this country finally lead to its logical result, that is, the complete political equality of men and women. Neither assumption can be disputed by any clear-headed suffragist. No sound thinker can deceive himself or others by the argumentative sleight-of-hand which first conciliates opponents by treating the granting of votes to women as a commonplace reform, comparable to the extension of the parliamentary franchise to lodgers; and then excites the enthusiasm of supporters by putting the same measure forward as a revolution which may work the political, social, and moral renovation of England.

The strength of the case in favor of woman suffrage lies in the following arguments or lines of thought.

All the ordinary democratic principles or maxims, it is argued, on which English reformers have been accustomed to rely, support in appearance the claim of women to vote for members of Parliament. "Every citizen," it is often said, and still more often assumed, "has a right to a vote." It is surely hard to prove that a woman does not share this natural right. Secondly, "representation," we are told, "ought to accompany taxation." Why then deny representation to a woman who pays every tax payable by a man? Thirdly, "the Court of Parliament," to use an ancient formula, "is the great

*1. "The Subjection of Women." By John Stuart Mill. Second edition. London: Longmans, 1869.

2. "The Case for Women's Suffrage." Edited by Brougham Villiers. London: Fisher Unwin, 1907.

3. "The Human Woman." By Lady Grove. London: Smith Elder, 1908.

4. "Report of Speeches delivered . . . in Queen's Hall," 17 December, 1907. Men's League for Women's Suffrage.

5. "The Importance of the Vote." By Mrs.

Pankhurst. National Women's Social and Political Union, 1907.

6. "The Case against Woman Suffrage." London: Alston Rivers, 1907.

7. "The Freedom of Women." By Ethel B. Harrison. London: Watts, 1908.

8. "Realities and Ideals" By Frederic Harrison. London: Macmillan, 1908.

9. "Woman in relation to the State." By G. Calderon. Hampstead: Priory Press, 1908.

And other works.

inquest of the nation; its special function is to remove the grievances of the people." But no one can deny that women, no less than men, have grievances, and grievances which often have not obtained the attention they deserve. Fourthly, "every class," we are told, "ought to be represented in Parliament"; and it is difficult to maintain that in one sense of the word "class," English women do not make up a very large class—the majority, indeed, of the nation—and a division of human beings assuredly distinct from the whole body of men. We need not illustrate the point further. The reasoner who relies on any of these current maxims of popular government may easily be driven to admit that the principles or formulas dear to all English Liberals sanction, in words at least, the demand of votes for women.

Yet reasoning based on such democratic principles, effective though it be, admits of an easy reply. These so-called "principles" are not anything like absolute truths. They are at best maxims, watchwords, catchwords, or shibboleths, which at particular crises of human progress have done good service by summing up ideas sound enough for the practical purposes of the moment. They have never, even as maxims, been rules which any statesman of common sense, even though he may have been the staunchest of democrats, unreservedly applied to the government of mankind.

Examine a few of them and their true nature at once becomes apparent. The assertion that every person has a "right" to a vote is, in any discussion with regard to woman suffrage, a mere assumption of the very point at issue. It belongs, further, to an obsolete school of thought. It is a remnant of that belief in "innate rights" which was expelled from England by the passionate and irresistible reasoning of Burke, and by the cool and deadly an-

alysis of Bentham. In France, indeed, at the time of the Revolution, the demand for natural rights was an excellent war cry round which to rally men engaged in the assault upon obsolete, artificial and noxious privileges. But the republican statesmanship of modern France has forsaken the belief in natural rights, which in 1789 was the accepted faith no less of Constitution-
alists than of Jacobins. The effect and the extent of this change of view may be measured by the contrast between the successful opportunism of Gambetta, which promises to the third Republic a permanent existence, and the terrorism of Robespierre, which prepared the way for Napoleonic despotism.

Few, indeed, have been in England the reformers of any class who could seriously believe in the absolute right of every person to a vote. Faith in this dogma would at this moment dictate the duty of providing at once for British India a parliament elected by adult suffrage. The whole of the creed which leads to this *reductio ad absurdum* has indeed been formally repudiated by the ablest thinker who has advocated the rights of women to an equal share with men in the government of Great Britain.

"I forego" (writes Mill) "any advantage which could be derived to my argument from the idea of abstract right, as a thing independent of utility. I regard utility as the ultimate appeal on all ethical questions; but it must be utility in the largest sense, grounded on the permanent interests of man as a progressive being." ("On Liberty," pp. 23, 24; ed. 1859.)

These words form part of Mill's noble apology for individual freedom. They apply with the utmost force to the far more dubious claim of every man or woman to an equal share in sovereign power.

Let us next examine the specially English dogma¹ that "taxation involves representation." During the War of Independence it was the war-cry of American patriots and was echoed by English Whigs, and notably by Chatham. It was a really serviceable formula at a crisis when it was of vital importance to remind ordinary Englishmen that the moral right, as well as the power, of the British Parliament to legislate for the inhabitants of Massachusetts or New York was materially affected by the fact that neither Massachusetts nor New York sent a single representative to the Parliament at Westminster. But neither the leaders in the War of Independence nor the Whigs of England believed that the maxim on which they relied was absolutely true. Americans originally conceded that their favorite formula did not apply to duties on imports. Not a single English Whig, from Chatham downwards, meant to assert that every man in England who paid a tax ought to have a vote. They knew well enough that reckless extension of the suffrage, which might in the days of the Stewarts have been the destruction of parliamentary government, might quite conceivably, during the reign of George III, give unlimited extension to that royal influence which every Whig professedly abhorred. It is allowable here to press a plain question upon suffragists. Would any Italian patriot, even though he were a republican irreconcilable to the monarchy, admit to the parliamentary franchise the women of Italy at the risk of handing over the government of the country to priests and reactionists? Every one can supply the true answer to this question. The reply of course decides nothing as

to the advisability of introducing woman suffrage into England, but it does dispose of the authority attributed by many zealous suffragists to more than one sacred democratic watchword.

English women, it is further argued, have an irresistible claim to votes, based on the ground that they have suffered, and may again suffer, injustice which cannot be removed until they possess the parliamentary franchise. Our wish is to do the fullest justice to by far the strongest practical argument producible in favor of woman suffrage. It indubitably contains a certain amount of truth which ought not to be overlooked. Under a representative government any considerable body of persons who are not represented in Parliament is exposed, at best, to neglect. In a country such as England the views of the unrepresented are overlooked far less through the selfishness than through the stupidity or preoccupation of the voters and their representatives. In 1861 Mill pointed out with truth, though with characteristic exaggeration, that the ideas of the wage-earners, and especially the policy of trade-unionists, did not receive proper attention, and would not command it until artisans were fairly represented in Parliament. The changed tone of the House of Commons in regard to trade-unionism, since the introduction of household suffrage, has justified Mill's complaint and his prediction.

Mill also insisted, and with substantial truth, that the law with regard to women, and notably in regard to married women's property, was one-sided and unjust; and he argued that this state of things gave strong ground for the claim of women to political equality with men. Nor can any impartial critic maintain that, even at the present day, the desires of women, about matters in which they are vitally con-

¹ "The Principle of 'no taxation without representation' is the foundation of English liberty, and we feel that it is one on which we ought not to appeal to a Liberal Government in vain." (Statement of Association of Registered Medical Women, "Times," December 14, 1908, p. 6.)

cerned, obtain from Parliament all the attention they deserve. A recent proposal to exclude thousands of barmaids from a lawful means of earning an honest livelihood may well cause women of every class to feel that legislation passed by a Parliament representing only men may at any moment deal recklessly with the interests of women. Despotism is none the less trying because it may be dictated by philanthropy; and the benevolence of workmen which protects women from overwork is not quite above suspicion when it coincides with the desire of artisans to protect themselves from female competition.²

It has further been urged and not without reason, that the present tendency to extend the area of social legislation, which practically restricts the sphere of individual liberty, increases the risk of legislative invasions on the freedom of women. Add to this that on any question which concerns the relation of the sexes, e.g. the law of divorce, a man will constantly assume, in and out of Parliament, that all women agree with him. Who has not heard it stated in debate that every woman condemned, or, with equal confidence, that every woman desired, the repeal of the law prohibiting marriage with a deceased wife's sister? In all probability feminine opinion was as much divided as that of men. Still it is certainly an evil, as to the magnitude of which judgments may differ, that women possess no constitutional means of expressing officially, so to speak, their opinion on subjects with which they are specially concerned.

This whole line of reasoning is open to at least two criticisms. In the first place, the cases in which the interest

of women, as a class, even appears to come into conflict with the interest of men, as a class, are rare. Difference of sex, just because it is a natural division not depending upon external circumstances, such as the difference between rich and poor, landlords and tenants, traders and agriculturists, does not, at any rate in a civilized country like England, often give rise to an opposition of interests. This is the important truth contained in the paradox attributed to John Bright, that "women are not a class." Where will you find a body of Englishmen who have legislated of set purpose against the interest of their daughters and in favor of their sons? Primogeniture itself, as a rule governing descent of land, does not in reality afford such an instance. It may to many of us seem a harmful survival of a bygone time. It found its justification in the circumstances of the age when it arose, as an institution which prevented the division of property; and in any case it told nearly as much against younger sons as against daughters. In no part of public life is the predominance of a class in general more apparent than in the sphere of taxation. But no woman in modern England is taxed where a man is not taxed. In plain truth, the civil or strictly private rights of an unmarried woman, when not in some way connected with a public function, are, broadly speaking, the same as those of a man. The few exceptions to this rule, e.g. the refusal of degrees to women at Oxford and Cambridge, might be got rid of to-morrow by half the exertion used for obtaining votes for women.

In the second place, the most effective part of the argument under consid-

² This motive is generally charged against the Factory Acts by those who desire for themselves or for working women complete freedom of contract. It may be true in certain instances or in certain quarters, but it is untrue of the majority of those who passed or who wish to maintain these Acts. Are we to believe that women desire to be freed from

the provision prohibiting mothers from employment in a factory within four weeks of giving birth to a child? If so, they require still, in the interests of the community, to be protected against themselves. And, even if women are to be free to sell their labor under prejudicial conditions, what about the children?

eration, and that on which Mill placed the greatest reliance, lay in the actual injustice of the law which in his time deprived the married women of England of their own property. It was the knowledge of this and of other grievous wrongs, in fact calling for redress, that, even more than the commanding influence of Mill, enlisted the most generous and the most public-spirited of the youth of England in his crusade in favor of women's rights. Reformers in the middle of the nineteenth century believed, not unreasonably, as assuredly did Mill, that the wrongs done to women could never be removed without giving them a share in sovereign power. The change in the law produced by the Married Women's Property Acts, 1870-1892, and for most practical purposes completed by 1882, has removed almost every grievance of which a married woman in respect of her property had reason to complain. The position of an English wife may in many respects be envied by the women of France, who a few years ago protested against the law of the land by publicly burning the Code Napoléon. The one question which an English reformer need now ask himself, is whether the zeal to relieve a married woman from unjust disabilities may not, as against her creditors, have bestowed upon her unfair privileges.

But the Married Women's Property Acts, combined with other enactments,² do much more than merely remove acknowledged grievances. They place one fact past a doubt. They demonstrate that a parliament whereof every member is a man, and every elected member is chosen by men, is ready, at the instance of men advocating the rights of women, to remove every proved defect or unfairness in the laws relating to women. In 1909

we know, what even down to 1882 might have been open to question, that from a parliament of men elected by men women can obtain, because in fact they have obtained, relief from any proved wrong. Women, in short, in modern England, exert, through free discussion and the certainty with which it tells on public opinion, a legislative influence which indefinitely diminishes, if it does not absolutely annihilate, the force of the argument that the women of England need parliamentary representation as a guarantee against probable oppression.

Again, it is urged that the concession of parliamentary suffrage to women is merely the final step in that extension of their liberties and rights which in England, above all other countries, has been the glory of the nineteenth century, and presents by far the most certain sign of human progress. This emancipation of women, as it is called, has been full of blessing to the world. There has been no pause, as regards women, in this movement towards freedom. Mill, if now alive, would rejoice with justifiable pride at the change which has come over the spirit of the English world. Few now are the employments unconnected with political power or the rights of the State which are forbidden to a woman. Women's colleges flourish in all parts of the United Kingdom; degrees are given to women in the Scottish and Irish universities and in the University of London. Oxford and Cambridge give her the actual honor of the degree of which they still deny her the title. Everyone knows the name of the lady who, to the utmost satisfaction of the English world, became, in fact though not in name, Senior Wrangler; as well as that of the lady who in reality, though not in form, obtained the highest classical degree given by the University of Cambridge. Every one is well assured that, unless the lawless

² Such as the Guardianship of Infants Act (1886), by which power was given to the Courts to override the ancient customary right of the father in favor of the mother of the children.

folles of fighting suffragists excite some untoward reaction, degrees at Oxford and Cambridge will soon be as open to women as the degrees of St. Andrew's or the University of Dublin. Women already enjoy the municipal franchise; they are town-councillors; one woman is a mayor. Nor does public opinion enforce restraints which are not imposed by law. A woman may express her religious or her political convictions with freedom. It would be ridiculous to describe George Elliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Fawcett, as having been, or being, tongue-tied. Why not, it is urged, take one step more? Why not concede to women parliamentary votes, and thus pursue to the end that path of progress which has hitherto led to nothing but freedom and happiness?

It is well to admit that this line of reasoning or of sentiment affords the most effective, though not the strongest, of all the arguments at the disposal of suffragists. It contains, with some exaggeration, a great deal of truth. The exaggeration is all typified by the use of the misplaced and ambiguous terms "emancipation" or "enfranchisement." From the beginning of the nineteenth century the course of events and of opinion has brought a large increase of freedom both to men and to women; but the women of England cannot now be "emancipated," for they have never been slaves. It is simply ridiculous to speak of Maria Edgeworth, Elizabeth Fry, Jane Austen, or Harriet Martineau, as held in bondage. They gave expression to the ideas, and in many ways led the opinion, of their time. Even theological movements, such as the Evangelical revival, which did not make directly for free thought, have stimulated indirectly individual energy and the sense of individual responsibility and have thus opened new spheres of action for women. Let us

dismiss at once the cant concealed in the application of such terms as "enfranchisement" or "emancipation" to English women; these expressions, because they mean sometimes delivery from bondage, and sometimes the acquisition of political rights, suggest the notion that to give English women votes is to give them freedom. They cannot be emancipated, because they are born free, are free, and will remain free whether they obtain parliamentary votes or not.

This point is the more important, because the language used conceals from view the fact that personal freedom has little or nothing to do with participation in sovereign authority. We do not, however, for a moment doubt that the gradual removal, which has been going on for more than a century, of fetters placed on the free action and thoughts of women, as also of men, has been an unspeakable blessing to our country. Nor do we wonder at the argument drawn from this fact in favor of admitting women to a share in sovereignty. What we do contend is that this line of reasoning is open to a clear reply.

The answer is that the progress which gives satisfaction to every man who notes the increase of human freedom and of human welfare has assuredly not arisen from the attainment by women of political rights; the very complaint of suffragists is that these rights are still denied to English women. The source of the progress which most of us recognize lies in the extension of civil or private rights. It has been caused by the increase of personal freedom; it is due to the practical acceptance in Great Britain of Mill's own law of liberty namely, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which

power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. ("Liberty," pp. 21, 22; ed. 1859.)

This fundamental canon of individualism, that, in the words of Mill, "over himself, his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign," is, as an absolute principle of morals or politics, open to just criticism; but, as a good working rule of political practice, when tempered by the common-sense of prudent statesmanship, it has conferred upon English women immense benefits. But this fact tells, if we think the matter out, rather against than in favor of the claim of votes for women, that is, the claim to a share of sovereignty. For Mill's dogma rests at bottom upon the distinction which he insists upon and even exaggerates between matters which mainly concern the individual and only indirectly, if at all, concern the public, and matters which immediately concern the public or the State and only indirectly, if at all, concern the individual. Now a man's rights as to his own concerns are his private or civil rights, and should be limited only, according to Mill, by respect for the equal rights of his neighbors. But the rights of an individual with reference to matters which primarily concern the State are public or political rights or, in other words, duties or functions to be exercised by the possessor, not in accordance with his own wish or interest, but primarily at least with a view to the interest of the State, and therefore may, even according to Mill's doctrine, be limited or extended in any way which conduces to the welfare of the community.

The difference between civil and political rights is, for the present argument, essential. Civil rights ought, according to Mill, to be governed by his law of liberty. To political rights this

law has hardly any application. No art of logic, even when aided by rhetoric, can convert a precept intended to determine the limits of an individual's freedom, in matters which primarily concern himself, into the dogma that a given individual, or a given class, has necessarily a right to the determination of matters which primarily concern the public or the State. A person's claim, in short, to govern himself is a totally different thing from his claim to govern others. Grant that an Englishwoman has, speaking generally, a rightful claim to the exercise of her natural talents and powers, or even to the education which makes that exercise possible; yet you do not advance a step towards showing that an Englishwoman has a right to take part by her vote in the government of the 300,000,000 of men and women who are natives of British India.

The more the difference between civil and political rights is considered, the more instructive it becomes. The deprivation of civil rights may amount to slavery. The non-possession of political rights may, to an individual man, be of the most trifling consequence. There are countries, and free countries (such, we believe, is Belgium), where the State is forced to impose penalties upon electors who do not give their votes. In no civilized country is it necessary to compel citizens to make use of and enjoy their private rights. Men of the very highest public spirit have felt again and again that while civil rights, that is personal freedom in its widest sense, are to every man of vital importance, the possession of political rights may be, if civil freedom is secured, of comparatively little value. One of the most eminent of English democratic leaders wrote in 1838,

I very much suspect that at present, for the great mass of the people, Prussia possesses the best government in Eu-

rope. I would gladly give up my taste for talking politics to secure such a state of things in England. (Morley, "Cobden," I, 130.)

He held that the mild absolutism of Prussia was better for the people than "that great juggle of the 'English constitution.'" These are the ideas of Richard Cobden; they do not express our own opinion, but they mark, with his accustomed clearness, the essential difference between the civil rights which constitute individual freedom and the political power which is in reality the imposition of public duties.

Lastly, it is asserted that the possession of votes will increase the earnings of women. This prophecy is of itself enough to enlist every underpaid and underfed seamstress or maid-of-all-work in the ranks of the fighting suffragists. The plain answer to it is that the prediction, if, it means (as every working woman does understand it to mean) that a vote will raise the market value of a woman's work, is false. The ordinary current price of labor depends on economical causes, and is not affected by a man's or a woman's possession of the parliamentary franchise. No master raises his footman's wages because the man-servant happens to be a voter; and he will assuredly not raise the wages of his housemaid because he finds that, under some Women's Enfranchisement Act, she has got her name placed on the parliamentary register. Why, in the name of common-sense, should a vote confer upon a woman a benefit which it has never conferred upon a man? We have throughout this article indeed admitted that woman suffrage does increase the chance of Parliament turning its attention towards the wishes of women and thus may cause any grievance under which a woman suffers to be the more speedily removed. But this admission is a totally different thing from

the assertion that a woman's vote will raise her wages.

There is another sense in which a vote or political power may, we also admit, have its pecuniary value. It may be used by women, and still more by a body of women, to wring money or money's worth from the State. A Ministry in want of support may bid high for the votes of women. But such traffic in votes is nothing better than sheer bribery; and, in the eyes of honest men and of honest women, bribery is none the more respectable because it is the corruption not of an individual but of a class, or because the bribe comes neither out of the pocket of a M.P. nor out of the funds of a party, but out of the public revenue. The possibility that newly enfranchised women may be specially open to such corruption affords, if true, a cogent argument against Woman Suffrage.

Let us now turn to the reasons which tell directly against the admission of women to the parliamentary franchise.

The first is that woman suffrage must lead to adult suffrage, and will increase all the admitted defects of so-called universal or, in strictness, manhood suffrage. Every reason and every sentiment which supports the cry of "votes for women" tells in favor of adult suffrage. It would be no easy task to give, even in name, political equality to women under our present electoral system.⁴ But this feat could be performed with the greatest ease under a scheme of adult suffrage which would give a vote to every man or woman who had attained the age of twenty-one years. Woman suffrage, then, independently of the new electors being women, must add to the defects

⁴ The mere extension of the present electoral system so as to include women might have extraordinary results. It might, for example, exclude many married women from the electorate. Women as eminent as Mrs. Humphry Ward might find themselves without a vote, whilst many unmarried shop-girls were electors.

of manhood suffrage. A huge constituency is, just because of its size, a bad electoral body. As the number of electors is increased, the power and the responsibility of each man are diminished. Authority passes into the hands of persons who possess neither the independence due to the possession of property nor the intelligence due to education.

Our electorate now consists of some 7,000,000 men. Adult suffrage would create an electorate of, say roundly, from at least 20,000,000 to 24,000,000 individuals, of whom considerably over 10,000,000 would be women. This mere increase in numbers is no slight evil. That more than half the new electors should be absolutely devoid of political training and traditions creates of itself a national peril; but common sense forbids any fair reasoner to stop at this point. This uneducated majority of the electorate would be women. The very advocates of woman suffrage make it part of their case that the civic virtues of women have never as yet been fully developed. Assuredly the most ordinary prudence warns us against admitting to a full share of sovereignty persons who have lacked all experience of its exercise.

Grant, for the sake of argument—though the concession is not justified by our knowledge of human nature—that possession of power invariably teaches its possessors to use it with justice. Still it remains the height of folly to entrust the guidance of the State, at a time when the country is surrounded by perils of all kinds, to unskilled apprentices who have no experience in piloting the commonwealth through pressing dangers. The most sagacious advocates of women's rights do not deny that each sex exhibits virtues which are found only in a less degree, or, it may be, not at all, in the other. We hear much of the keenness of women's personal sympathies, of

their capacity for passionate and often generous emotion; we are told that either nature or training, or both in combination, may lead women to see more readily than men the minute details on which depends the transaction of business. Yet it would not be unfair to say that, while women often perceive more readily than men the actual facts before them, they have a less firm grasp on principles; that a woman, in short, compared with a man of equal ability, may have a better eye for the circumstances around her, but has less of foresight. She has assuredly also less of tenacity.

From differences, upon some of which, in whatever form they ought to be expressed, no man has insisted more strongly than Mill, it follows that the participation of women in sovereign power must introduce into English politics a new and incalculable element which will not work wholly for good. An English democracy, in common with all democracies, is too emotional. The strong point of popular government is assuredly neither foresight nor firmness of purpose. Now every student of British history can see that occasionally the statesmanlike foresight, and still more certainly the intense tenacity or obstinacy of purpose, which have marked the British aristocracy and the British middle classes, have been the salvation of the country. These qualities defended the independence of England against the despotism of Louis XIV, and, in a later age, against the attacks, first of revolutionary Jacobinism, and next of Napoleonic Imperialism. No one as yet knows whether our democracy can exhibit the unconquerable tenacity of purpose which once and again has saved England from subjection to foreign power. Who can contemplate without dread a state of things under which democratic passion, intensified by feminine emotion, may deprive the

country both of the calmness which foresees and the resolution which repels the onslaught of foreign enemies? There is, we venture to say, no man, and no woman either, who at moments of calm reflection can believe that, at a time of threatened invasion, the safety of the country would be increased by the possibility that British policy might be determined by the votes and the influence of the fighting suffragists.⁵

A second objection to the proposed sovereignty of women is this. It has hitherto been in Great Britain a primary and essential condition of the admission of any body of persons to a share in sovereignty that the class on whose behalf parliamentary votes are demanded should be eager and ready to take up parliamentary responsibilities. In 1832 nobody doubted that the middle classes or in 1867 that the artisans desired admission to the full powers of citizenship. But this primary condition of constitutional changes has in the present instance not been fulfilled. Many women, indeed, desire votes; a few women clamor passionately for votes. But a large number of English women protest against the introduction of woman suffrage; they deprecate the concession to themselves of rights which they regard as intolerable burdens, and the concession to other women of powers which they believe the recipients cannot exercise with advantage to the country.

This protest must command attention; it reveals an exceptional state of opinion which must, so long as it exists, tell strongly against the introduction of woman suffrage into Great Britain. The position of these political

protestants is in no way absurd. It is best expressed in the words of a woman:

The women whose profound, though often unspoken, reluctance to the proposed addition to their duties and responsibilities I am endeavoring to interpret, do not regard the question as mainly referring to the value, or the best distribution, of a particular bit of political machinery; but as involving that of the right and fair division of labor between the sexes. We regard the suffrage not as conferring a necessarily advantageous position, but rather as the symbol, and to some extent the instrument, of a public participation in political functions; not as a prize to be coveted, but as the token of a task which should not be indiscriminately imposed—a task not to be lightly undertaken, or discharged without encountering both toil and opposition. We think that justice and fairness consist, not in ignoring actual differences, but in so adjusting necessary burdens with due regard to the lines of irremovable difference as to secure the most even distribution of pressure. We believe that the fact that Nature has irrevocably imposed certain burdens on our sex constitutes a claim as a matter of justice, that we should be relieved from some part of those functions which men are competent to share with us.⁶

Nor is there the least lack of public spirit in the protest by freeborn Englishwomen against subjection to a sovereignty of women which they neither desire nor revere, and which they believe would be disastrous to the country. One point is past dispute. Every reason which supports the claim of women to votes supports also the right of women to be consulted on the question whether they shall be given votes or not. It is impossible to maintain that women have a right to determine every matter which concerns the interest of England or of the British Em-

⁵ The demand of votes for women, if granted, must be followed by the cry of "seats in Parliament for women," "judgeships for women," "places in the Cabinet for women"; for the avowed aim of the suffragists is the complete political equality of men and of women. The concession of votes is the encouragement, not the close, of a long agitation.

⁶ Miss C. E. Stephen, "Women and Politics." *The "Nineteenth Century,"* February 1897, pp. 228, 229. *"The Living Age,"* March 9, 1900.

pire, but have no right to be consulted whether it is well for England and for women themselves that the country should try the new experiment of woman suffrage. No serious reasoner will try to escape this conclusion by the idle retort that a woman who does not desire a vote need not use it. The very essence of her objection is that a vote imposes upon her a duty which may be an intolerable burden, and subjects her to the rule of a class, namely women, which she deems incompetent to exercise sovereign power.⁷

A third objection is that the basis of all government is force, which means in the last resort physical strength. Now predominant force lies in the hands of men; and these facts, whether we like them or not, tell in more ways than people often realize against giving a share in sovereignty to English women. The matter well deserves consideration.

There is, in the first place, a grave danger that the nominally sovereign body may not be in reality able to enforce the law of the land. In this country the legal or constitutional sovereign is Parliament, i.e. the King, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, acting together; but the "political sovereign"⁸ is the electorate, which, being wide enough to share and represent the feelings of the mass of the people, does in general obtain obedience to the laws which it approves. But the reason why laws made with the assent or acquiescence of the electorate are obeyed, is that the electors constitute a power to which no single citizen and no class of citizens can offer permanent resistance.

J That the employment of physical

⁷ In some form or other care must be taken that any Act which offers or forces the suffrage upon women has received the assent of the persons upon whom it imposes new functions. Never was there a stronger case for some kind of referendum.

⁸ For the distinction between the legal and the political sovereign see Dicey, "Law of the Constitution" (7th ed.), pp. 70-72.

force is the basis of law and of sovereignty, any one may assure himself by observing the way in which law loses its authority whenever the support of the force whence law derives its power is withdrawn. Why has the law of the land little better than a nominal existence in some parts of Ireland? The answer is that, for reasons of party convenience, the British Government will not in Ireland use the power placed in its hands by Parliament for the enforcement of the law. Let a fighting suffragist in her calmer moments ask herself why it is that her petulance or her cunning is allowed occasionally to interrupt the sittings of the House of Commons and lower the dignity of Parliament? The answer assuredly is that habitual consideration for the weakness of women makes Englishmen for the moment unwilling to use the force needed for the suppression of misbehavior, which it may any day be necessary to punish with the severity due to serious crime.

Meanwhile law is enfeebled unless supported by adequate force. Now the sovereignty of Parliament, or in other words the power of the electorate, might easily be imperilled if the majority of the electors were a class which, though more numerous, was weaker than a minority of the nation. But this is exactly the state of things which might arise under a system of adult suffrage embracing not only men but women. Suppose an Act of Parliament passed which was opposed to the wishes of the decided majority of male electors, but carried practically by the votes of women. In such a case the ominous result would ensue that, whilst the political sovereign, that is the majority of the electors, supported the law, the body possessed of predominant strength would be strongly opposed to the law. Rarely, indeed, could it happen that anything like the whole body of female electors would be

opposed to anything like the whole body of male electors. It is not necessary for our argument to imagine so portentous a state of affairs. But it is certainly possible under a system of adult suffrage, and in a country where, as in England, women constitute the greater part of the population, that a body composed of a large majority of female electors acting together with a minority of male electors, might force upon the country a law or a policy opposed to the deliberate will and judgment of the majority of Englishmen. Is it certain that in such circumstances Englishmen would obey and enforce a law that punished as a crime conduct which they in general held ought to be treated as an offence, not against law, but against morality? Can we, again, feel assured that Englishmen might not forbid the making of an ignominious peace, even though the majority of the electorate, consisting for the most part of women, held that the horrors of war must be terminated at all costs by a treaty which, in the eyes of most Englishmen, sacrificed the dignity and imperilled the independence of the country?

Add to this a consideration to which little attention has been paid. The army, the police, governors of gaols, every person, in short, by whom the coercive power of the State is directly exercised, must, under any constitution whatever, be men. Whenever, therefore, a large majority of male electors is outvoted by a majority constituted mainly of women, the minority will command the sympathy of the officials by whose hands the State exercises its power. Woman suffrage, therefore, in common with every system which separates nominal sovereignty from the possession of irresistible power, involves the risk that the constitutional sovereign of the country may be rendered powerless by a class, in this instance the majority of the male elect-

ors, possessed of predominant physical force.

Look at the connection between force and government from another point of view. It is an open secret of sound constitutionalism that any polity which is to stand the trials to which every great institution devised by man is exposed, must give effect, under whatever form, to the will of the class possessed of paramount and enduring power. In this sense, and in this sense only, statesmen who most honor law and justice must desire that might and right, law and strength, should harmonize with and support each other. The many failures and the rare successes of constitution-makers equally attest the importance of this principle. Why was it that the democrats and Puritans who planned institutions so ingenious as the constitution of 1653 could create no permanent form of popular government? A partial answer to a complicated question is surely to be found in the fact that the premature democratic institutions of Puritanism, and even the Protectorate with its approach towards the ancient kingship, did not represent the strength of England. The yeomanry, on which the republicans of the Commonwealth relied, was already a declining power. Why, on the other hand, did the Revolution settlement of 1689, with all its defects, stand substantially unchanged for some 140 years? The answer is that this work of Whig statesmanship on the whole satisfied the large landowners, the merchants, the traders, who constituted the true strength of England.

Consider for a moment the experiment, tried in our own times by the American democracy, of conferring full political rights on the negroes of the South. There was much to be said in its favor. In a democratic republic, men argued, no class could obtain respect or secure its own civil rights un-

less it had its share in political sovereignty. This was the conviction of most, though not of all Abolitionists; it was shared by some of the best and wisest of American statesmen. In the decision finally adopted, generous enthusiasm and philanthropy played a far greater part than partisanship or the shallow astuteness of party managers. The generous experiment has turned out a dubious success, if not a failure. The negro vote is a sham and a fraud. Some candid observers will assert that the state of feeling between the whites and the blacks is worse than ever, though others happily draw a brighter picture of the condition of the South. No one, thank Heaven, regrets the abolition of slavery; but patriotic American citizens, among whom may be numbered some of the most sagacious of the men of color, hold, it would appear, the opinion that the wiser course would have been to use the power of the re-united Republic, at the end of the War of Secession, for securing to the negroes every civil right, instead of hurrying on their accession to political rights which have certainly not given them political authority. ✓

✓ Let no indignant suffragist suppose that we are so dull as to suggest, what any man of sense knows to be strictly false, that English women occupy anything like the position of ignorant and hardly civilized negroes. The suggestion that English women are slaves, patent as is its absurdity, comes, if at all, from the more heated and less wise advocates of woman suffrage. All that is here contended for is that page after page of history exemplifies the futility of giving to any class, whether of men or of women, political rights in excess of genuine political power.

Full participation, further, not in civil rights, but in sovereignty, depends on capacity to perform all the duties of citizenship; and the defence of his

country is at certain periods the main, as at all times it ought to be the essential duty of a British citizen. But this duty women as a class have not the capacity to perform. No one dreams of the formation of an army of amazons; and, were such a thing a possibility, it would be a step back towards barbarism. Nor is it only in the defence of the country against foreign enemies that women are, by nature, incapable of taking part; the same is the case with the maintenance of law and order at home. Law is a command; its sanctions are ineffective without force to apply them; and women are unable to share in the forcible maintenance of the laws which, if they had the vote, they would share in making. It is no argument, in this connection, to say that many men are incapable, from age or weakness, of defending the State, but enjoy the franchise all the same. The aged have taken, or been able to take, their share in public duties; the weaklings are exceptions. Of women the reverse is true. No one dreams that they ought to be constables, officers of police, governors of gaols, or coast-guards. No woman is bound, as is a man, to attend the Justices in suppressing a riot upon pain of fine and imprisonment. All this is no absolute ground for excluding women from a share in sovereign power, but it does afford a ground which is not palpably unjust for their exclusion from political authority.

Distinctions of rights founded upon sex have often given rise to injustice, but they have this in their favor; they rest upon a difference not created by social conventions or by human prejudice and selfishness, or by accidental circumstances (such as riches and poverty) which split society into classes, but upon the nature of things. This difference is as far-reaching as it is natural and immutable. It is one which, just because it is permanent

and unchangeable, every honest thinker must take into account. That men are men and women are women is an obvious truism; yet it contains an undeniable truth which, like some other unwelcome facts, rhetoric, even when, as with Mill, it masquerades as strict reasoning, cannot conceal. This is a matter worth insisting upon, for there is nothing which hinders the calm discussion of a political problem requiring for its solution something like judicial serenity, so much as the difficulty, inseparable from all discussions involving reference to sex, of putting plain facts into plain language. The comparative weakness of women inevitably means loss of power. Nor can it be forgotten that not only are women physically, and probably mentally, weaker than men, but that they are inevitably, as a class, burdened with duties of the utmost national importance, and of an absorbing and exhausting nature, from which men are free. In any case, the close connection between government and force tells against the claim made on behalf of women to the possession of as much political authority as is conceded to men.

We return then to the question whence we started: will England derive benefit from the introduction of woman suffrage? When the matter has been calmly examined, without declamation or rhetoric, the answer comes out clearly enough. This will appear if we summarize our whole case.

There exist, on the one hand, some plausible arguments for conceding to women a share in sovereign power. The force, however, of these reasons lies mainly in their correspondence with much of the prevalent sentiment of the day; when examined, they turn out too weak to prove the necessity or the expediency of exposing an ancient commonwealth to the risks of a dan-

gerous experiment, which can hardly indeed be complimented with the name of an experiment, since, when once tried, it cannot be given up.

The claim to parliamentary votes, as a matter of abstract right, is part of an obsolete political creed which did not command the assent of the teacher whose "*Subjection of Women*" supplies the argumentative foundation of the claim to woman suffrage. This demand, again, is treated by suffragists as a deduction from the principles of popular government; but these so-called principles, when rationally examined, turn out to be mere watchwords or shibboleths which, if treated as the premises of serious political argument, must, from their vagueness and inaccuracy, lead to absurd conclusions. The desired innovation or revolution is, we are further told, needed, to deliver English women from, or guard them against, grievous wrongs. But we now know from happy experience that such wrongs may be, as they in fact have been, removed or averted by a parliament consisting solely of men, and in the election whereof no woman had a part.

To give votes to women is, we are assured, nothing but the last step in that path of democratic progress which, during the last eighty years, has led the men and women of England towards freedom and happiness. Grant—though the concession is an extravagant one—that the benefits derived from the development of popular government are not only, as they certainly are, great, but have also been unmingled with any evil; it is easy enough to show that they have been obtained in Great Britain, at least, by adherence to the fundamental canon of individualism, "that over himself, his own body and mind, the individual is, or ought to be, sovereign"; that is, by the extension of the civil rights of individuals, whether men or women. ✓ But the

dogma that an individual, whether man or woman, has a right to determine matters which mainly concern such individual, goes hardly a step towards showing that, from a woman's right to govern herself, you may legitimately infer that she has a right to govern others. The claim to civil rights or private rights never has been and never can be placed on the same footing as the claim to political rights, or, in other words, duties.⁹

The reasons, on the other hand, against trying a hazardous constitutional experiment on an ancient commonwealth are of immense weight.

Woman suffrage means adult suffrage; and adult suffrage means the transfer of the right to govern the United Kingdom from some 7,000,000 of men to some 20,000,000 or, it may be, 24,000,000 of men and women, whereof women will be the majority.

That the women to be admitted to the parliamentary franchise will often be excellent persons, highly endowed with the virtues of fortitude, personal unselfishness, and self-sacrifice, we are convinced; but the conviction that English women will exhibit in the highest degree the virtues of women is not the contradiction but the complement of the belief, entertained by nearly every man, that women of pre-eminent goodness are often lacking in the virtues, such as active courage, firmness of judgment, self-control, steadiness of conduct, and above all, a certain sense of justice maintained even in the heat of party conflict, which are often to be found in Englishmen, even of an ordinary type. Whoever asks for the vin-

⁹ It is worth noting that no man was less inclined than Mill to entrust the government of India to the British democracy. He deplored the transference of the administration of Indian affairs from the East India Company to Parliament. The good government of India depended, in his opinion, upon a much more profound study of the conditions of Indian government than British politicians had shown any willingness to undertake. There is no reason to suppose that even Mill expected such profound study to be promoted by giving to English women a share in sovereign power.

dication of this belief should study the deeds and the words of the fighting suffragists. He should note at the same time that the female leaders in the battle for women's rights have for the most part never unreservedly condemned the lawless follies and the hysterical insolence of their followers. These leaders have thus condoned courses of action which, if pursued by every body of persons who deemed that they suffered real grievances, would reduce the United Kingdom to an anarchy deeper than that which destroyed Poland.

Of the features which discredit the agitation whose war-cry is "Votes for Women," we have of set purpose said little. The antics of the fighting suffragists hardly deserve serious notice. The misapprehension both of history and of law which suggests the delusion that English women have been robbed of a suffrage which they never possessed, has, we trust, been finally disposed of by the impressive judgment delivered by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. The silly and mendacious insinuation¹⁰ that over 140 women have been sent to prison only for asking for votes is in itself hardly more deserving of confutation than would be the statement that a convicted burglar had got five years' penal servitude "only because he called on a householder late at night and entered by the back rather than by the front-door of the house."

For the present purpose these things are trifles in comparison with the failure of the suffragists to perceive that for women to rely on physical force for the attainment of political author-

¹⁰ "Is it possible that in free England over 140 women have been sent to prison for only asking for votes for women?" ("Case for Women's Suffrage" p. 140.) The answer, of course, is that it is not possible, and never happened. Every woman imprisoned was convicted of some distinct breach of the law, such, for example, as resisting and obstructing the police in the execution of their duty, or conduct likely to provoke a breach of the peace.

ity calls into play the instrument, and creates the condition of opinion, which, should women obtain votes, might deprive them of any real share in sovereignty. The folly displayed by a class which, knowing itself to be deficient in paramount physical strength, relies upon lawless violence for the attainment of its ends, excites derision. But it reminds a thoughtful observer of the anarchy or tyranny which would be possible under any constitution that dis severed legal right from physical power, and left open the chance that a government supported by a majority of the electorate, consisting mainly of women, should come into conflict with the vast majority of the male electors who commanded the sympathy of, or (as in Switzerland) had come to coincide with, the national army.

Nor must it be forgotten that the vast majority of the 10,000,000 or more women who, under a system of adult suffrage would be admitted to the electorate, have never sanctioned the demand for participation in sovereign power; whilst the protest by a large body of women against the so-called concession to English women of rights which thousands of them regard as the unjust imposition of an unbearable burden, becomes every day more and more audible and must be heard with the most profound respect.

This then is the case against woman suffrage. To fair-minded men who have throughout life been zealous to extend the civil rights of English women, it may well seem decisive. They will refuse to sanction a policy which, if it offers some dubious benefits to women, threatens irreparable damage and great and immediate peril to England.

The whole line of argument pursued in this article will never commend itself to enthusiasts who believe that they are resisting laws unjust to women when they are attacking, not

human law, but the very nature of things. It is just possible that the thoughts suggested may stimulate the action of women who protest against a policy which they hold to be injurious to the nation as a whole, and especially to women themselves. Such women can do more than any men to check an agitation which may delay for years the removal, at the instance of moderate reformers, of really injurious restraints upon the free action of women. Moderate reform has everything in its favor. It has produced all the definite improvements—and they are many—in the condition of English women which have been effected during the last fifty years. The petulance of lawlessness can boast of no beneficial achievement whatever. It has for the first time given to political agitation, as conducted by English women, the character of disloyalty and, to speak plainly, of absurdity.

Our final appeal is and must be to the electors. Let every elector remember for once the main duty which, independent of party connection, lies upon him. He is bound, on the subject of woman suffrage, to vote with a sole eye to the permanent interest of the United Kingdom and of the British Empire. England is surrounded by perils. Our neighbors are military States, each of which maintains armies larger than we can keep within the bounds of the United Kingdom. These States are armed nations; some of them are governed on military principles. One and all, however, whether they have done much or little for the promotion of popular freedom, the continental States recognize, with one insignificant exception, the principle that none can have a share in sovereignty who cannot defend the land for which he may be required at any moment to die.

Contrast the position of Great Britain. No soldier, and very few civilians,

can assert with confidence that our present army is sufficient for our defence. It is uncertain whether our navy can of itself guarantee the United Kingdom against invasion. On the Englishmen who, civilians though they remain, must, as high authorities tell us, receive military training, will depend the maintenance of England's independence and the existence of the British Empire. In Ireland we have resistance to the law which Ministers refuse to put down, and which may any day be transformed into organized sedition. The national spirit is moving in Egypt. From India we hear of widespread conspiracy which might some day make armed revolt a possibility. Meanwhile grave questions are pending in Eastern Europe, whence an armed conflict may arise from which our honor and our interests may make it impossible for us to hold aloof. The very vastness of our Empire, and the envy with which it is regarded by other nations, provoke and expose us to attack. The necessary intricacy and entanglement of our foreign and colonial policy make it more than ever needful that the country should be guided by the cool head, the clear aim, and the tenacious purpose, which are to be found only in the strongest and most sagacious of men.

We inherit institutions built up by generations of statesmen, and well worth defence. Our constitution resting as it does on the unquestionable supremacy of the civil power and the universal rule of equal law, is, with all its defects, the strongest, the freest, the most pacific, we may venture to say the most humane, form of government which has ever existed in any great State or Empire. It maintains an unvaried peace in every country subject to the British flag; it has secured for the self-governing colonies of Great Britain independence as regards their local affairs, combined with exemption from

the necessity of defending themselves against foreign aggression either by the sacrifices of war or by the intolerable burden of an armed peace. At this moment Englishmen are engaged in the earnest endeavor to prove that popular government in Great Britain is compatible with the maintenance of Imperial power and Imperial peace. What may be the issue of this effort to combine honest democracy with sane Imperialism no prophet is daring enough to foretell. Yet upon its success may well depend the fate of popular government throughout the civilized world.

At this crisis we are asked to add to our existing dangers and to our heavy political labors a new and doubtful experiment in constitutional government. We are asked to weaken English democracy by far more than doubling the number of English electors; we are asked to place the government of England, nominally at least, in the hands of women. Of these the best are ignorant of statesmanship; the least trustworthy are fanatics who, in their passionate desire to obtain a share in the sovereignty which determines the policy of the British Empire (including the fate of millions of inhabitants of dependent countries), have conclusively shown that they have not yet mastered the most elementary principles of self-government or of loyal obedience to the laws of their country. To these demands English electors will, we trust, be deaf. We appeal to their common-sense and common prudence; they must for once trust themselves rather than their leaders. The most honorable of parliamentary statesmen, when once engrossed in the game of parliamentary warfare, are apt to forget the very elements of statesmanship. They count votes gained or lost in or out of Parliament, and they lose the capacity for understanding the voice of the nation. Let that voice be clear and un-

mistakable. It was well said by a great soldier a little while ago:

We are not here only, nor even chiefly, for the purposes of the moment. We are the trustees for the future of the Empire. Upon what is done or neglected in Parliament beforehand must depend sooner or later the fate of England and of the British dominions throughout the world. We are bound in this House to look beyond the bawling and the brawling of the day, and to uphold Imperial policy above the clamor of selfish or short-sighted interests. Is not this indeed, my lords, the greater part of our duty? Unless we occupy ourselves most earnestly and under a sense of personal trusteeship with the means by which the safety and greatness of our country, continued from age to age, may be maintained in time to come, we cannot justify our existence even against the subversive

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force challenging this House to-day, and we shall not escape the heavy judgment of history. We are links in a living chain, pledged to transmit intact to posterity the glorious heritage we have received from those who have gone before. (Speech in the House of Lords, November 23, 1908.)

These are the words of Lord Roberts. They refer immediately to the imperative need of providing at all costs for the defence of the country. But their wisdom and their patriotism give them a wide application. They admirably describe the grave responsibility which falls upon every elector when urged to revolutionize the constitution of Great Britain. Let him take them to heart, and refuse his sanction to an experiment which might well bring destruction on his country.

A. V. Dicey.

SPIRITUAL HEALING.

This subject of Spiritual Healing is a good deal in the air just now; and as much misapprehension exists concerning it, I will try in the space at my disposal to deal with the matter from the standpoint of a medical man in sympathy with the subject, and who has studied it for a long period.

Twenty years ago a great missionary society was much perplexed by the fact that some of its missionaries, going out with the "gift of healing" to Africa, came into competition with the native wizards with disastrous effects; and at the request of some friends I wrote a book on healing by faith.¹ The investigation I then carried on showed that even at that time there were scores of regular faith-healing centres all over England and abroad; and that at a single chapel in the north of London over 250 cases were reported healed in one year (1884), many being

those of severe disease! I merely mention this (without comment) to show that the movement now taking place in Emmanuel Church, Boston, and in our Church over here, is not in its essence new. What is novel is the union proposed between the clergy and medical men under various names and auspices with the view of treating more successfully that increasing number of cases that is characterized by severe nervous or slight mental disorder or distress.

It has been suggested that there is a large class of diseases where the clergyman might prove a greater help than the doctor, or, at any rate, might co-operate with him with great advantage to the patient. Indeed, it has been proposed to form a Central Church Council in the diocese of London for the consideration of questions connected with healing by spiritual means. This movement is described as "a sane combination of the powers

¹ "Faith Healing," Religious Tract Society.

of faith and exact medical knowledge applied to the problems of healing."

There can be no doubt, at any rate, of the sanity of the movement in recognizing as it does the fact and existence of disease, in marked contradistinction to a well-known American system, also hailing from Boston, which commences its cures by denying the existence of every ailment, and regards all matter as "error in solution."

When, however, we advance to consider more closely the proposed union of doctors of divinity and medicine in the cure of disease, it is obvious that we are entering upon a very obscure subject, which it behoves us to ponder with extreme caution and entirely without prejudice. We know historically that certainly as late as New Testament times the two offices were frequently combined in the one person, and only gradually were the two professions divorced; and this throws a good deal of light upon a passage in St. James which is so constantly adduced on this subject that one may be pardoned for referring to it. In chapter V, v. 14, we read: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." Now I venture to think that the "anointing with oil" there spoken of is not a holy or a sacramental act. Had it been so, the Greek word used in such a case would be *krio*, from which we get "chrism," and this is used in the anointing of kings and priests. The word here, however, is *aleipho*, which is the medical term for rubbing or massaging with oil, one of the best remedies of the first century, and now revived in the twentieth. The correct exegesis, then, points here to the union of medicine and divinity, the "elders" apparently acting in the double capacity of doctors and divines. This passage, then, which is popularly regarded as setting aside

medical treatment, seems on close examination, on the contrary, to insist upon its use.

The first question in considering this proposed co-operation of the two professions in certain classes of disease is obviously "Why is such a proposal now made? and does the need which it is intended to meet really exist?" I think that the answer in both cases must be "yes"; and that those who look upon this spreading movement here and in America as a mere counterblast to various modern varieties of "faith-healing" are overlooking the fact that there is undoubtedly a large and, I believe, increasing class of sufferers who for some reason remain unrelieved by either profession.

Of course, we all understand that there are a large number of spiritual and physical ailments for which the existing machinery is entirely adequate. Never before were doctors so well equipped for dealing scientifically and successfully with simple physical ailments of all sorts. Similarly there can be no doubt that the true minister of God, to whatever branch of the Christian Church he may belong, is at least equally well equipped to deal with purely spiritual maladies and sicknesses of the soul—at any rate, on their religious side. The difficulty arises, and the need for something more than we have got becomes obvious, when one has to deal with, say, a case of physical breakdown, involving possibly gastric and other disturbances, which is really due primarily to some long agony or perplexity of spirit. The fact must be stated that for such work the present medical curriculum is not adequate. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that the training given in our medical schools is physical rather than human, as if we had to do with material mechanisms instead of the complex mystery of a human being. The physician has to face in his con-

sulting room men and women, tripartite beings whose physiological and psychological interdependence and unity is so complete that no one part can suffer without the others being affected; beings, indeed, so complicated that it is well-nigh impossible to say where a disorder of the spirit ends and where one of the body begins.

And yet there can be little doubt that, as a rule, the average physician feels at home only in dealing with the physical, and ill at ease if the disease goes beyond it, and tends to regard the patient almost entirely from a material standpoint. Should deeper questions arise, he too often hastily dismisses or ignores them, or maybe frankly confesses himself unable to deal with them at all. He has most probably paid no attention to mental therapeutics, against which his whole training has too often given him a decided bias. One may safely say, without the slightest exaggeration, that no day passes but patients with other than physical disorders leave the doctor's presence unrelieved and distressed, and ready to fall a prey to any quack or pseudo-scientist who may come along.

At first sight this condition of things seems ample justification for the proposed interposition of the clergy, whose sphere of action is certainly the spirit of man. On the surface the theory seems all right, but I think that in practice some of its inherent defects will be revealed. The weakness of the medical man we found was his want of training in matters spiritual. May we not say, *a fortiori*, that the weakness of the clerical position will be found in the clergyman's want of training in diseases of the body, *i.e.*, in ordinary medicine. Moreover, even with regard to the spirit it is by no means common to find clergy who have made a study of the human spirit, with the variety of ailments to which it is subject, from the medical or curative side. The

clergyman's work is rather the relations of the soul to God and the religious development of the spirit than its cure from morbid maladies. All doctors are equipped to deal with disease; but many of the clergy are not fitted to deal with either spiritual or physical ailments. It is obvious, therefore, that a very careful selection would have to be made, or a very extended training given to the theological student in medical psychology, if divines are successfully to treat disease.

Of course, so far I am regarding the clergy as relieving sufferers by skilled advice, and by a careful consideration of the symptoms and condition of the patient; and I fear greatly that in their equipment for such service their present curriculum is even more deficient than that of the medical man is for spiritual work. Take the case of a man who is morbid on religious matters. The average doctor would most likely class the patient as hysterical, and try a change of scene, or might leave him alone. A clergyman would probably in most cases try long religious arguments, with the almost certain result of aggravating the condition; and thus without some further training even the proposed union of forces might fail to relieve the sufferer. What is really wanted is a better training in medical psychology, and a curriculum that embraces spiritual as well as physical maladies. This is essential whatever unions may be proposed.

But it will be objected here by the clergy that what I instance is by no means what they mean by spiritual healing. They have in their minds at least four other powers—"the gift of healing," "healing by faith," "the prayer of faith," and possibly also purely miraculous healing, on the lines indicated in the Acts of the Apostles. One feels that one must hardly touch upon the last of these four in the pages

of a Review; but on the three former something may be said.

Regarding the first, I believe there does exist a power or force resident in some persons which is called the "gift of healing." I cannot find, however, that this "gift" is confined to the clergy, nor, indeed, that it is necessarily connected with any form of religious profession at all. I have known personally of several people who appear to possess some such therapeutic force; none of them was a clergyman, and three possessed the power from an early age.

One of these, indeed, called on me and complained much about having a power he did not in the least desire, and which interfered very much with his profession, since he was continually being called away to cure people. (I may say no idea of making any charge ever occurred to him.) He told me that, amongst other calls, he was constantly being pressed to go to the house of a very rich City merchant when any of the family suffered from aches or pains of body or brain, and that soon after he entered the room the trouble disappeared. I went to the City in order to corroborate the statement and found the person in question, who was the head of a large firm near St. Paul's Churchyard, and he said it was quite true, and that relief invariably followed his friend's visits. His object in calling on me was to ask if I could in any way relieve him of this undesired gift.

I should not, perhaps, have paid so much attention to him had I not had at the time a very near relative dying of rodent ulcer in the eye—a terribly agonizing affection—for whom no relief could be found save from one who possessed this power of healing. Her case being well known to the profession, I need hardly say all was done that the skill of specialists could suggest. The difficulty was with regard to the pain, for, as she could not take

morphia in any form, her sufferings were unrelieved. One day I called in a man who in his touch had "the gift of healing," which gift, I believe, he possessed from his youth. It was enough for him to hold the sufferer's hands for half an hour each day for her to be entirely free from pain for 24 hours. The patient was neither emotional nor imaginative. Indeed, when the healer had to go away for three days he begged her to imagine he was with her. She failed entirely to do so, and the pain was dreadful. In this case physical contact was needed, and by this means alone could the sufferer be kept free from pain till she died. I need hardly say there was no suggestion of hypnotism in the treatment.

This power is called magnetic, psychic, occult, hypnotic, mesmeric, etc., all names without meaning. In the case I have mentioned no influence whatever was exerted over the mind, nor did the patient exercise any faith. All she did was to be thankful for actual results. I will make a suggestion as to the cause of this power in considering the next force—"healing by faith."

In this we reach a profoundly interesting subject. It is obvious that this differs entirely from the previous power. That was resident in the healer: this, as I think we shall see, is in the patient, who, by the exercise of faith, puts it into action. Of course, the first idea in all ages and in all countries has always been that it is the object of faith that effects the cure; in short that it is objective and not subjective; but when it is carefully noted that however many and various are the objects in which faith is reposed the cures are always the same, it is clear that the object cannot be the active agency.

For instance, equally credible cures are recorded from faith in idols, fetishes, charms, repulsive objects, or

powders or draughts; apparatus such as a thermometer or special bits of wood or iron; or in the vision at Lourdes or the holy coat of Treves, or in relics of all sorts; or in kings or holy men, or in trees, flowers, fruits; or in impostors such as Dowie, or in systems of faith, or in the gods of Greece or Egypt; or in a thousand other objects, in themselves powerless.

The one thing that is common to all these various objects is the faith that rests in them; but how does this cure? The answer is interesting. I think it is now no longer disputed that a small part only of the mind is visible to consciousness, and that a great portion lies in the invisible, and can be discerned by its operation only. This unconscious part of the mind, amongst other functions, is incessantly employed in maintaining that equilibrium that we call health, a word that does not mean exactly the same to any two people. Whenever this is disturbed by accident or disease, the *vis medicatrix nature*, that wonderful curative agency, at once sets to work to repair the injury or destroy the poison. Time would fail to record the marvellous resources and extraordinary ingenuity of this unconscious curative power. Some of them are enumerated by Dr. Mitchell Bruce, Sir Frederick Treves and others; and physicians in all ages have recognized this power, which acts without any hesitation in novel and untried situations, and deals successfully with invading microbes of new diseases, the whole action postulating mind of a high order, though unconscious.

No true physician stands by his patient's bedside without reverently recognizing that the sufferer is already being treated by one greater than himself, and that his wisest course is to follow the lead given, and seek to help and not hinder the action of "nature." In many cases, however, this force, good and wise as it is, is not sufficient

of itself to cope with the complicated disorders which are the results of an effete civilization. In a state of nature little medicine and few doctors are needed.

Faith, however, can stimulate this latent power amazingly; and as is shown in hysteria when the power is disordered, it is capable of doing almost anything with the body, producing high temperature, blisters, tumors, and other affections at will. So also with regard to cures: when this process is sufficiently energized by faith, not only functional diseases can be removed, but material objects, such as warts and varicose veins, can be made to disappear. Without this *vis medicatrix nature* no cure is possible; the bones won't knit, the sores won't heal, while the germs kill, and diseases end fatally; but with it, energized by faith, it is difficult to set a limit to the power to cure.

A question will certainly now be asked by Christian men: "If this power be natural, and healing by faith merely the excitation of a natural process, where does God come in, and where is the power of the Divine?" The question cannot, and need not, be shelved; and with reverence I would reply, "That process which you glibly call natural is a great power placed by God in the body for its own cure, and hence is Divine."

Respecting the faith, I would further add that though any faith, if strong enough, may effect a cure of the mere bodily ailment, faith in God alone can cure the man, can restore the spirit, and bring the sufferer into tune with the Infinite, and thus make the result a lasting blessing.

The "prayer of faith" which "saves the sick" is something quite different from the gift of healing or from "healing by faith." Both of these, as I have shown, are dependent upon either the exceptional possession or

stimulation of natural powers, and are not necessarily, though very frequently, connected with Christianity, but they are in common with all "good gifts," dependent, as St. James points out, on the "Father of Lights."

"The prayer of faith" does not mean the exercise of any peculiar natural power by any healer, neither does it require the active exercise of faith on the part of the sufferer. What it does require is a soul so lofty, so spiritual, so full of faith, that in prayer it can reach God, and in accordance with His will bring down blessing on the sufferer. This, like all other contact of the human with the Divine, is a high and holy mystery, which may not be lightly touched by irreverent hands, but is one which, in speaking on spiritual healing, we must recognize as a real power, though one that can be reached by few; and which differs from other modes of healing in being absolutely dependent upon the Divine Will and the deep spirituality of the intercessor. One must never forget in these matters that to take it for granted that health is always a blessing, and is the will of God for us, and that all illness is a curse to be at once removed, is a cardinal error of the first magnitude. There is no rule, and there can be none, in these matters.

I have said I cannot here touch upon the miraculous, by which I mean instantaneous cure, not necessarily de-

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pendent on any discernible agency—even of faith.

Perhaps enough has been adduced to show that this proposed union for furthering "spiritual healing" is not the simple matter it appears, but is beset with difficulties, and certainly requires the greatest care if, indeed, it be possible at all. I think the nearest and safest approach to it is in the Guild of St. Luke, an association of Christian physicians and surgeons who meet annually in St. Paul's for divine worship. Here one may find some medical men who unite the healing art with some power to deal with souls. Such men are rare, though most of the greatest leaders in the profession have possessed something of the double qualification; and Professor Nothnagel's celebrated dictum that "a great physician must be a good man" carries in germ the same idea.

Apart from this happy combination, however, I have pointed out that there does reside in some persons a remarkable therapeutic agency, the cause of which I would suggest is, that by some unconscious means, and without effort, they are enabled to reach and stimulate the curative power resident in the patient. Further, concerning "healing by faith," which undoubtedly also does exist, I would add that it only displays its full benefits when that faith rests in God, and thus brings spirit, soul and body into harmony with each other and with their Maker.

A. T. Schofield.

SALEH: A SEQUEL.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

IX.

Nearly a week had elapsed after his arrival at the Court of Pelesu before Saleh was permitted to see his father. If the King was really "asleep" on one occasion out of every ten when this

was reported of him, he was certainly the most somnolent person alive; and when he was not "asleep" he was either "eating" or "bathing," at least so the members of his household stated in reply to all Saleh's messengers.

With the recollection of his mother still very fresh in his mind, it seemed to Saleh to be at least a satisfactory feature in his father's character that he should be so much addicted to the bath; but as the days passed, and the duties of his bed-chamber, his meals, and his toilet still held the King a close prisoner, the youngster began to wonder which disgusted him the more, the lack of paternal, nay of human, interest in him which caused his father thus to postpone their meeting, or the poverty of invention among the royal retainers which was responsible for such flimsy explanations of his action.

But though the light of the kingly countenance was so steadfastly denied to him, Saleh saw during these days a great deal of some of his other relatives. His interview with his mother was repeated with frequency, and always resolved itself sooner or later into a long-drawn-out complaint about her wrongs, her poverty, and the unspeakable wickedness of Che' Jebah, his father's favorite concubine. Tungku Ampuan would keep him by her side in the loathsome atmosphere of her bedroom for an hour at a time while she delivered herself of these unvarying monologues, lying on her side and sucking at her opium-pipe, or squatting with her back to the pile of pillows chewing betel-nut as a cow chews the cud. Little by little Saleh began to perceive that she was not, as he had thought at first, an old woman,—that in all likelihood she had not yet turned her fortieth year; but that she was wrecked prematurely by too early marriage, unhealthy living, and addiction to the opium-habit. For the rest she was, to all intents and purposes, a monomaniac. He learned to dread his interviews with her quite indescribably.

He made the acquaintance, too, of his three sisters, one of whom was older while two were younger than himself;

but he found them hardly more satisfactory. He was never permitted to see them alone, and in their eyes he was primarily a *man*, and a man, too, about whom clung something reminiscent of the European. They would sit side by side, first in a decorous silence and an immobile modesty that baffled Saleh utterly, and later, when they became more accustomed to him, they would huddle together, as though for protection, and would exchange little foolish personal remarks about him one with another to an accompaniment of much childish giggling. Had he been suffered to grow up in daily association with them, poor Saleh thought he might perhaps have learned to know his sisters, for surely they must each have some sort of individuality concealed beneath the cloak of these stifling futilities; but as it was, he was to them a stranger,—a strange *man*,—and the barrier of sex made a wall between them which he could not scale. Against his will the memory *would* recur of the frank brother-and-sister relations which had subsisted between Mabel Le Mesurier and *her* brothers, between the two Fairfax girls and Harry, nay, even between Mabel Le Mesurier and himself. The contrast was merciless, and he, who during the last few weeks of his stay in England had fancied himself to be terribly alone, found that he was here, under his mother's roof, discovering the meaning of real loneliness.

The only relative for whom he found it easy to feel some real affection was Rāja Pahlāwan Indut, a cousin fifty times removed, whom Saleh remembered from the days of his childhood as a figure at once awful and heroic. There clustered about him a whole world of legend and romance, wild stories of love and war, in each of which he had played the leading part. Men said, Saleh recalled with a smile, that Ungku Pahlāwan, as he was usually

called, was invulnerable; that he had the power of assuming invisibility at will; that his magic was only equalled by his valor, and the latter had been proved time and again, as even the white men acknowledged, on many a hard-fought field. Saleh, with these facts still crowding the nooks of his memory, was astonished to find the Ungku a singularly quiet, thick-set, little man, with quick, humorous eyes, square, capable hands, a moustache like a cat's whiskers, and a particularly gentle voice and manner.

That was the first impression which he created, but as Saleh learned to know him better, Ungku Pahlawan developed certain qualities which differentiated him from his fellows. To begin with, he was not in the least bit afraid of the King, and laughed openly at the rail-sitting courtiers who, he averred, did not dare to pay their respects to Saleh until they had had an opportunity of judging for themselves in what fashion his father was likely to receive him. Also he went in no awe of the Resident and of the white men, and he held and frankly expressed very strong opinions concerning the precise effect which the coming of these people had had upon Pelesu.

"They have robbed the land of manhood," he would say. "Our youth grow up knowing nought of arms nor of the lore that maketh the warrior. If to-day there chanceth a quarrel between two young cockerels, it is not fought to a finish with the 'steel-spurs,' as quarrels between men should be fought, but straightway both fly headlong to the police-station, there to make complaint after the fashion of weeping women. Of old, Ya Allah Muhammad Al-Rasul!—of old there were deeds to be done that it were fitting for a man to do. Now . . . In the days which the white folk have slied from us, for a man who was a man supplies lay ever at the tip of his dagger! I never lacked

for aught in those so glorious times! Now . . ."

And the spittoon would be called into request as the only sufficient means of expressing his deep disgust.

He would tell Saleh tales by the hour together of the adventurous past in which he had been so prominent a figure, always comparing that eventful, lawless time with the ordered, dull monotony of to-day, and Saleh, boy that he was, would find himself kindling with enthusiasm for the romance of Malaya the untamed. He did not stay to think of the misery and the oppression from which the coming of the white men had relieved the bulk of the common people. He only knew that his own life had seemingly been spoilt by the Englishmen's determination to force a blending of the East with the West, the which, so Ungku Pahlawan declared, when applied to the whole of Pelesu, was rendering the country one unfitted for the habitation of a man who was a man. He was utterly out of love with the present: that of itself set him longing for the past. He knew that his English education and training had put him completely out of tune with surroundings which by right should have been congenial, and for the rest had given him, so he thought, little save an increased capacity for suffering. Where the English had been guilty of so hideous an error in the case of a single individual, was it not only reasonable to suspect that they had made blunders even more deplorable when dealing with a country and its entire population? It had been shown to him with merciless clearness that he could never be an Englishman: it followed, therefore, that he must be a Malay,—but not a Malay of the present time, of which Ungku Pahlawan spoke so scornfully, a Malay with all the romance, all the adventure, all the thrilling interest of the unfettered past taken from him, but a Malay of the bygone days

whereof the stories warmed him with so strange an excitement.

Râja Pahlâwan Indut began to perceive that he had not only a sympathetic listener but promising material lent to him for his hand to mould, by the kindness of Allah, the Merciful and Compassionate God. He summoned another distant relative to his aid, Râja Haji Abdullah, a little wizened sage dressed always in an immense green turban and flowing *jubah* of the same color, who had much to say on the subject of the Muhammadan religion and the indignity offered thereto by the fact that in Pelesu infidels took it upon themselves to rule the children of the Prophet. Saleh had felt the contagious enthusiasm of the Muhammadan stirring in him unbidden when he first came into contact with it at Port Said. He was, at this period of his life, sorely out of countenance with things as he found them in this best of all possible worlds, and he longed to find something connected with himself of which he might feel that he had a right to be proud. Râja Haji Abdullah's teaching supplied this need. Saleh thrilled to remember that he was

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part of the greatest brotherhood upon earth; that he belonged to a faith which was the religion, not of love, but of hate, which regarded all infidels as food for slaughter and for the fires of Jehannam, and that in the eyes of millions he was the unquestioned superior of the white men who had outcast him because he was a Muhammadan. These lessons were taught gradually, cautiously, and spread out, as we shall see presently, over a period of many months; but it was during the first few days of his stay at the Court of Pelesu, when he stood most sorely in need of consolation to the wounded spirit, that there were implanted in his soul the seeds of an active discontent with the ways and works of the white men, and the beginnings of the fierce, devouring fanaticism of the Muhammadan.

The two men whose words had upon him so strong an effect were perfectly well aware what it was that they were doing. Like the hungry retainers of his mother's household, they too had their plans and their schemes, and to them also Saleh was an important piece in the game they hoped to play.

(To be continued.)

HOMELINESS.

It is an odd thing that a derogatory meaning has clung so long to the word "homely." There is often a suggestion of cynicism about its old-fashioned use in English,—a suggestion which is accentuated in modern American. For those who speak the King's English to-day it means something good, yet it is used with a mental reservation. It seems as though we were all anxious to do a late justice to the word, and were hampered by the fact that the excellent qualities it should denote are not just now in fashion.

When we say that people are "homely" we mean that they are simple and sympathetic, that their presence is redolent of comfort and quiet, and that we like them; but we also mean to make a socially derogatory suggestion, and perhaps to suggest that they have no charm. They stand upon the social ladder, we wish it to be understood, a rung or two below the one they might have been expected to occupy. Sometimes we say it to differentiate between the manners and apparent breeding of two people. "His wife is

a nice woman, too," we say; "quite a homely person." Those who do not think it objectionable to dot their "i's" rather more particularly will say: "He has become quite used to the world, while she belongs to his original position." If it is ever used in a wholly laudatory sense, it is used of persons whose exalted position makes the speaker feel a certain surprise at their friendliness. The truth is that the present social ideal is the reverse of homely. To be homely one must be accessible, and side by side with the present want of reticence there has grown up a strange new reserve. It is possible to talk what is called frankly, and yet not to disclose one's mind. It is possible to talk about oneself, and yet not to be oneself. No one is shy at a masked ball. Homely people think that they live among friends. The people who look down on homeliness know that they do not, and are amused by, and a little contemptuous of, such a fundamental mistake. They live in public,—that is, they live among a crowd who elect to live together, and who have been subjected to a process of selection by various alternative and very different tests, and who, by reason of their consequent heterogeneity, have been obliged to substitute the forms of familiarity for the spirit of friendship.

The homely person is mindful of the common things of life, and is ready to speak of them and to show his real mind concerning them, whether they be sad or happy, of the last or of the least importance. He imagines that other people are in the same state of mind, and is conscious of human rather than of social relationships. Among homely people it cannot be denied that private disturbance of mind is too seldom hidden for the common good. The effect of this frankness is to weaken the power of social self-control, though, arguing from results, it might be mal-

tained that it cultivates sympathy. There is a form of courage which is not required in homely circles, a fact which in some degree impairs the bracing quality of the social atmosphere and destroys its recreative value. An appearance of happiness, even if it be to some extent feigned, is stimulating, and an innocent desire for this stimulant gains many a man the reputation of a snob. Reality is not all that is necessary to make an agreeable society, not even when it is tempered by benevolence. The art of life does not come by nature. Social life, in the sense in which we are using the expression, cannot be said to exist among the masses. It is the product of spare money and spare time, and where it exists it tends always away from the homely ideal, though that ideal remains the standard by which social extravagances are again and again corrected.

The social ideal of the present day has some affinity with the aristocratic ideal before the French Revolution, not outwardly, perhaps, for we are too impatient to bear ceremony nowadays; but the saints of the fashionable calendar are the men and women who played cards to the moment when they went to execution, and who let each other's departure go unnoticed. How fine their action was, and how un-homely! Homely people might have behaved quite as well, in a sense perhaps better. They might have been upheld by religion or by sympathy—that inspiration of sympathy which is the exact converse of panic—but they would not have shown that particular form of self-control which comes of disciplined play, of the perpetual sacrifice of pleasure to pleasure, of the comfort of one to the entertainment of all. Some infusion of this spirit is necessary to make society delightful. After all, we are all grown-up children, and the desire to get away from actu-

allities by means of a little play-acting is not unnatural. We must bring in something of unreality, or society becomes too sad. The pity is that those who set the fashions go too far. A number of people come together and tacitly agree that the great things of life are little and the little things great. This is to be courtly, as distinguished from homely. Having made up their minds to disregard the laws of perspective, everything else comes easy. All the great things in the world can be talked of without reticence. Standing as they do in the shadow of trifles, they have lost all power to create awe, while in the magnified trifles new delights are perpetually to be discovered. The persons who have made this great reversal are easily discerned by those who are knowing. Nowhere does the present unhomely fashion show so plainly as in the novel of to-day. Homely novels belong to the Victorian era. The homely heroine interests no one, or none but homely people. In cheap editions she still commands attention. The unfashionable world is still at her feet. The authors of her being studied proportion, and drew everyday life to scale. The sins of the modern heroine are painted no bigger than the trifles which led her to commit them, and her irritations figure larger than her sorrows.

Roughly speaking, every one has
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two sides—a serious and a lighter side—and these two are by no means always of the same quality. In this matter Nature appears to dislike symmetry. A great many people always show at their best in grave circumstances, and those who have known them only in such may sometimes receive quite a shock when they meet them, as it were, at play. Society tends to exclude these homely people, with the result that the aggregate power of the good in the social world is dangerously impaired. On the other hand, there are those who fail at every grave juncture, yet do very well indeed in everyday life, and seem to be born for amusement. For them all tests are relaxed, and they form a large and dangerous party in the social world,—a weight thrown always on the side of frivolity. They often have a very great deal of charm, and charm is what homely people lack. There is no doubt an ingrained charm which lasts for life, and which nothing can destroy. On the other hand, what is usually called charm is a species of bloom on the character which a hard life rubs off. But charm of whatever sort may be compared, but can never be analyzed. There is something mysterious and wonderful about it, whereas all that is homely is plain and easy to be understood.

THE DEATH OF DICKENS'S LITTLE DORA.

A MEMORABLE LETTER AND PRAYER.

Neither Forster's biography of Dickens, the subsequently published three volumes of his letters, nor any other work relating to England's great and popular author, contains, so far as I have ascertained, the letter and prayer which Charles Dickens wrote to his wife in 1851, the day after his infant

girl—Dora Annie—died. The child was the ninth of his family of ten, and the third of his daughters, and the only one of their children to die in infancy.

For some years after Dickens died, as is often the case with great and public men, miscellaneous and wayside

notes relating to him appeared now and then in the daily and weekly newspapers and other periodicals. Remembrances, quotations, and a variety of matter by various people and from various sources appeared, not only in the leading journals, but in out-of-the-way papers, according to the whereabouts of the contributors. There was a flood of recollections, which has more or less flowed even to the present day through a lapse of nearly forty years. And whilst some of these early contributions have been embodied in later well-known works, other items have remained buried, little known, or almost lost sight of during this long stretch of time. Items thus astray, so to speak, were not then for a while so collected and made "a note of" as they are to-day, and have been for the last few years. The army of collectors and the miscellany for the recording and discussion of Dickensiana had not then sprung up. Our *Dickensian* has, however, for four years, been of good service in providing a storehouse for worthy matters relating to the great author. Both current and past matters have found an abiding place in its pages, and there is little doubt that in years to come the set of its annual volumes will be greatly in reference for historical matters of Dickens. And feeling that the almost unknown letter of Dickens and his beautiful prayer to which I am alluding should be generally known, I forward copies. Having been acquainted with them for nearly thirty-four years I may say I have always been struck with the sublimeness and beauty of the prayer whenever I have read it over. Dickens's Christianity stands out pre-eminently in the letter to his youngest son, Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, on the day of his embarkation for Australia, in 1868, and also in his will bearing date May 12th, 1869. And this prayer of 1851, of seventeen to eighteen years before, is

a third great link in the religious chain of his life and writings.

To proceed, however. The time is the spring of 1851. The previous year had been a very busy one with Dickens; he had finished *David Copperfield* and embarked upon *Household Words*, to be followed by *All the Year Round*, thus entering upon that twenty years of weekly serial writing which only terminated on his death. And he had also in view the publication of another book, which work took the form of *Bleak House* in 1852. His residence at Devonshire Terrace, where he had lived since 1839, was about drawing to a close. It was in August, 1850, that in writing *David Copperfield* he "ended" the character of Dora, and on the 15th of that month his third daughter was born and given the name of Dora Annie. Early in the following year both Mrs. Dickens and the infant were stricken with illness, and in March, whilst the latter had apparently recovered, Mrs. Dickens was still unwell, and it was decided that she should go to Great Malvern for a while with her sister, leaving Dickens in London with the children, he going to Great Malvern occasionally. At the end of the month Dickens's father died, being buried on April 5th, so that the author was in the midst of trouble.

On Monday, April 13th, Dickens was to take the chair at the General Theatrical Fund Dinner; he bravely came from Malvern to fulfil an engagement so dear to his heart. He made an eloquent and forcible speech on behalf of the charity, and it was whilst he was at the dinner that the child Dora died suddenly. In a letter to Thomas Mitton on the Friday following he wrote: "I played with little Dora before I went, and was told when I left the chair that she had died in a moment. I am quite happy again, but I have undergone a great deal." Forster, in his biography, states that the serv-

ant from Devonshire Terrace brought the news of the child's death to the dinner room, but he went out and received it, keeping it from Dickens until after he had made his speech.

Forster records that it was with great anguish he heard Dickens "speak of actors having to come from scenes of sickness, of suffering, aye, even of death itself, to play their parts before us. Yet how often it is with all of us that in our several spheres we have to do violence to our feelings, and to hide our hearts in carrying on this fight for life, if we would bravely discharge in it our duties and responsibilities." Forster a little later, assisted by Mr. Lemon, disclosed to Dickens the death of little Dora; and the next morning, whilst Lemon was left with Dickens, Forster proceeded to Malvern to fetch Mrs. Dickens home; and a letter and a prayer sent by the bereaved novelist to his wife are as follow:—

Devonshire Terrace.

Tuesday morning, 15th April, 1851.

My Dearest Kate.—Now observe, you must read this letter very slowly and carefully. If you have hurried on thus far without quite understanding (apprehending some bad news) I rely on your turning back and reading again. Little Dora, without being in the least pain, is suddenly stricken ill. There is nothing in her appearance but perfect rest—you would suppose her quietly asleep—but I am sure she is very ill, and I cannot encourage myself with much hope of her recovery. I do not (and why should I say I do to you, my dear?) I do not think her recovery at all likely. I do not like to leave home, I can do no good here, but I think it right to stay. You will not like to be away, I know, and I cannot reconcile it to myself to keep you away. Forster, with his usual affection for us, comes down to bring you this letter, and to bring you home, but I cannot close it without putting the strongest entreaty and injunction upon you to come with perfect composure—to remember what I have often told you,

that we never can expect to be exempt, as to our many children, from the afflictions of other parents, and that if— if when you come I should even have to say to you, "Our little baby is dead," you are to do your duty to the rest, and to show yourself worthy of the great trust you hold in them. If you will only read this steadily I have a perfect confidence in your doing what is right.

Ever affectionately,

(Signed) *Charles Dickens.*

PRAYER AT NIGHT

Oh Lord, our Heavenly Father, Almighty and Everlasting God, who in Thy inestimable goodness has directed and preserved us during the past day, and brought us to another night surrounded by such great blessings and instances of Thy mercy, we beseech Thee to hear our heartfelt thanks for all the benefits which we enjoy, and our humble prayers that we may cheerfully endeavor every day of our lives to be in some degree more worthy of their possession. Sanctify and improve to us any good thought that has been presented to us in any form during this day. Forgive us the sins we have committed during its progress, and in our past lives all the wrong we have done, and all the negligences and ignorances of which we have been guilty, and enable us to find in any trials we have undergone, or sorrows we have known or have yet to experience, blessed instruction for our future happiness. We humbly pray, Almighty Father, for our dear children, that Thou wilt vouchsafe to watch over and preserve them from all danger and evil, for ourselves that Thou wilt prolong our lives, health and energies for many years for their dear sakes and for them and us that Thou wilt grant us cheerfulness of spirit, tranquillity and content, that we may be honest and true in all our dealings, and gentle and merciful to the faults of others, remembering of how much gentleness and mercy we stand in need ourselves, that we may earnestly try to live in Thy true faith, honor and love, and in charity and goodwill with our fellow-creatures, that we may worship Thee in every beauti-

ful and wonderful thing Thou hast made, and sympathize with the whole world of Thy glorious creation. Grant that in the contemplation of Thy wisdom and goodness, and in reverence for our Lord Jesus Christ, we may endeavor to do our duty in those stations of life to which it pleases Thee to call us, and be held together in a bond of affection and mutual love which no change or lapse of time can weaken, which shall sustain and teach us to do right in all reverses of good or evil, and which shall comfort and console us most when we most require support, by filling us in the hour of sickness and death with a firm reliance on Thee, and the assurance that through Thy great mercy we shall meet again in another and happy state of existence beyond the grave, where care and grief and parting are unknown, and where we shall be once again united to the dear friends lost to us on this earth. Pardon, Gracious God, the imperfections of our prayers and thanks, and read them in our hearts, rather than in these feeble and imperfect words. Hear our supplications in behalf of the poor, the sick, the destitute and the guilty, and grant Thy blessing on the diffusion of increased happiness and knowledge among the great mass of mankind, that they may not be tempted to the commission of crimes which in want and man's neglect it is hard to resist. Bless and keep our dear children and those who are nearest and dearest to us, and by Thy help and our Saviour's teaching enable us to lay our heads on our pillows every night at peace with all the world, and may His grace and Thy love and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all evermore. Amen.

The singular thing about this touching relic of Dickens is that it first appeared in the far-off island of Ceylon.

The Dickensian.

where, according to the hymn "From Greenland's icy mountains," &c.,

The spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle.

Its appearance was in the *Observer* of July 11th, 1874, with the following preface from the contributor:—

"I send you what is valuable in its way, for publication, a copy of a letter of Dickens to his wife, which, so far as I know, has never seen the light, followed by a beautiful prayer. They came into my possession, shortly after Dickens's death, in a peculiar way, which I need not here explain."

A month after its publication it came before the late Mr. Wm. Hunt, an editor of Hull, who was then publishing a weekly literary paper, the *Criterion*, as well as ordinary newspapers, and he clipped it into that journal; and I have now made an abstract of the letter and prayer from a volume of the *Criterion* recently presented to the Hull Wilberforce Museum. In 1874 I was a journalist with Mr. Hunt, and he was often chatty as to Dickens, as they had been contemporary reporters at Exeter as far back as 1835, the occasion being the hustings nomination for the South Devon election. Mr. Hunt was then in the humbler capacity of a local correspondent, whilst Dickens was in the height of his reporting period, officiating for the London *Morning Chronicle*, and some thirty or so years later he was present in London at a press dinner at which Dickens was present. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Hunt should transfer from the Ceylon *Observer* to his own journal the then "unpublished letter and prayer of Dickens" as above.

John Suddaby.

THE PULLING OF THE STRINGS.

Day was only just breaking when Postman Candy set forth on his morning round, and many of the villagers were not yet astir. In a few houses the flickering light of a freshly kindled wood fire betokened that some housewife was afoot, preparing the "dewbit" which husband or son would partake of before making his way to fields that in this mild south-country February were covered with a dim sheen of moisture. The postman had already disposed of a meal more ample than the "dewbit," for his round was to be a long one, and he would only return at dinner-time. He had prepared it himself, inefficiently enough with the aid of a small, evil-smelling oil stove. A neighbor would come in presently to straighten up the house and get ready his mid-day repast; and then he would rest a bit, and dig in his patch of garden, until the hour came when he must start on his evening peregrinations. It was a simple life enough, and a lonely one; since his old mother had "shifted to the New House," or in other words departed to the next world, he had led a seemingly comfortless existence. Yet Postman Candy was apparently content, and, when well-meaning friends counselled marriage, replied that as he had got along without a wife till his present mature age it "mid seem a bit risky to start looking for one now." "He knew when he was well off," he stated, "and he did not know how things mid be if he were to make experiments at that time o' day"—an opinion in which Mrs. Adlem, the neighbor who "did for him" cordially agreed.

Leaving the little hamlet known for many generations as the "New Town" behind, and trudging manfully along the slushy high road, Candy had, for some half hour or so, the country to

himself. On either side of the leafless hedges stretched silvery pasture-land, or newly ploughed fields, a few sleepy rooks already at work in the latter, while the former were tenantless, the herds having been gathered in to shed and byre, for milking is done early in Dorset—frequently before daylight. Now and then, indeed the distant call of "Who-ope, who-ope!" signified that some energetic dairy "chap" was preparing to drive his recently despoiled charges forth again. Birds were busy in the hedges, making their toilet for the day, with much twittering, and small rustlings and flutterings.

As the sun climbed above the horizon the postman looked about him, with the quietly observant air of a man accustomed to take note of slight events.

The willow saplings had already turned ruddy, and tiny downy catkins were beginning to escape from their enfolding wrappings. A missel-thrush was singing lustily in the boughs of an elm which overhung the road.

"Spring'll be here before we know where we are," said Postman Candy, stating the fact with a surprised air. It was not yet ten days since the last snow had melted, the rare snow which comes so seldom to Dorset that the inhabitants of that favored county are apt to feel themselves aggrieved at even a chance visit; and here was the grass springing up anew by the wayside, while the bank beneath the willows was thickly strewn with celandines.

He continued to reflect on the mutability of things here below, particularly the weather, until he reached Chudbury Marshall, a village through which he frequently passed without delivering a single letter, but where, on this particular day he was bound to unburden himself of no less than three:

one for the vicarage, one for Mr. Digwell, who kept "The Red Cow Inn," and a postcard for Miss Florence Inkpen—a picture postcard with a few lines scrawled in an unformed hand, and a row of crosses in the corner.

Susan Boyt, Miss Florence's aunt, was kneeling by the doorstep, scrubbing it with might and main, when the postman paused beside her. She was a middle-aged woman, with a round good-humored face, framed by bunches of old-fashioned ringlets. She wore a print gown, and a big apron, and was working with so much vigor that, even at this early hour, her face was glowing as she glanced up at Candy.

"I've brought summat for this house this morning," remarked he, extending the postcard between his finger and thumb.

"For me?" exclaimed Susan, sitting back on her heels, and stretching out a plump hand eagerly.

"Nay, nay," rejoined Candy. "'Tis for one of the young uns—from a sweetheart I d' 'low—got such a lot of kisses on it as never was!"

"I was only joking when I axed if 'twas for me," explained Susan, hastily, though her face fell.

"I don't think I did ever bring you a letter, did I, Miss Boyt?" queried the postman, smiling.

"No, that ye didn't. I'd be jist about set up if you was to bring me one," returned Susan, with a rueful laugh; "there, I d' 'low, I never had a letter in my life, and never will."

With that she dropped forward again, and resumed her scrubbing. Postman Candy was not a man who ever hurried himself, and on this occasion he was so much tickled by Susan Boyt's confession that he remained to converse a little longer on the subject.

"You've never had a letter in your life?" he repeated, in a tone of amuse-

ment. "There, now, I can scarcely believe that."

"'Tis true, though," rejoined Susan, squatting back on her heels again. "Why, who'd write to me?" she inquired innocently.

"Haven't you got no friends, beside them what lives in this 'ere village?" asked Candy.

Susan meditatively scratched her elbow with her disengaged hand before replying:

"Well, I suppose I mid have friends same as another; but they don't ever seem to write to me, d'ye see. They do write to my sister, or else to one of the young maids. Oh, Florrie and Mabel gets plenty o' letters, but—no, I can't call to mind as ever anyone has thought of writin' to me."

"Dear, to be sure, woman, you don't mean to tell I as you don't never get so much as a Christmas card?"

"'E-es, I do get Christmas cards now and again," returned Susan, "but folks wouldn't be like to put themselves to the trouble of sending them by post. They jist step across the road w' them. When I do get a Christmas card," she added, after a moment's further reflection, "'tis generally from one o' my nieces. I do often laugh to myself, postman—they don't think much o' me here, ye know, and I do hear them sayin': 'Here, that'll do for aunty'—and it's generally one what's got a bit soiled, ye know, or broke at the corners."

"Well, I do think that's a shame," exclaimed the postman warmly. "Where'd they all be without ye, I'd like to know? 'Tis you what does most of the work of the house, bain't it?"

"'Tis, sure," admitted Susan. "My sister is but delicate, ye see, and the maids—well, they're young still. Mabel now, Mabel do give me a hand now and then, 'e-es, Mabel's a good maid—and so's Florence—I have nothin' to say against either of them. Oh, I don't

mind the work, Mr. Candy—I've allus been fond of work, and 'tis but right arter all as I should do summat to pay for my keep. I'm sure I dunno where I should be if I didn't live with my sister. She do give me the very clothes on my back."

"You mid easy find work somewhere else, and not such hard work either," retorted Candy. "Don't you get set on the notion as you're beholden to Mrs. Inkpen—'tis t'other way round, I do think. Well, I must be getting on. Maybe I'll be bringing you a letter one of these days for a surprise, Miss Boyt," he added waggishly.

"It 'ud be a surprise, jist about," rejoined Susan, with the same good-humored, if somewhat rueful, laugh with which she had formerly made the same statement. "I'd be set up—above a little bit," she added, as he backed laughingly down the flagged path, swinging his bag under his arm as he went.

"Poor soul! I d' 'low she would," said Postman Candy to himself, when, having passed through the gate, he resumed his tramp along the muddy road, still reflecting on the recent conversation.

"To think she's never had so much as a Christmas card through the post office! Well, well! Never a letter wi' a stamp on it! It jist about beats me to think of a creature being downtrodden same as that. "That'll do for aunty" indeed—and they impudent little hussies sartin' out the Christmas cards what's too bad to give anybody else. . . . I could wish somebody 'ud send Susan Boyt a proper letter for once. I've half a mind to do it myself—only the poor body 'ud think shame of me writing to her arter what she told me. No, the thing 'ud be to send her a letter w/out a name to it, and set her guessing. Ho, ho—that 'ud be the thing to do."

He stood still in the middle of the

slushy road to laugh at his ease, and the unusual sound startled a yellow-hammer which had hitherto watched his approach, without alarm, from its perch on a gate-post. It now flew shrieking across the road, followed by another bird of the same species.

"That's a pair," commented Candy; "they've started early, them two. Let's see, Monday was the 9th—not so early arter all, 'tis the 13th to-day—gettin' on for Valentine's Day. *Valentine's Day!* That's a notion!"

He swung his bag round again in order that he might emphasize his delight by slapping something more resonant than his thigh. A brilliant idea had struck him. He would send to neglected Susan Boyt a valentine. No need for any signature, nor indeed any writing; he would just put it into an envelope and address it in printed letters—a somewhat unnecessary precaution since Susan was totally unacquainted with his "hand o' write"—and post it at the market-town.

"I'll buy her a real pretty one," he resolved. "A posy of flowers, or some sich thing, and the poor soul'll be kept happy for days wonderin' who sent it. She'll be able to crow over them two nieces of hers for once."

On that very afternoon he carried out his resolution. Having duly deposited at the post office the letters collected at sundry rural "boxes" on his second round, he made his way to a stationer's shop, and boldly asked to see "some valentines."

"We have hardly any sale for these things now," remarked the superior young lady behind the counter. "We have a few funny ones, of course, but we don't really care to do much in that line."

She spread out before Candy's dissatisfied eyes a few brilliantly colored atrocities: red-nosed policemen, tipsy soldiers, babies falling out of perambula-

lators, and the like—each trophy bearing an appropriate legend.

"No, I want nothin' o' that kind," said the postman. "I want summat real nice—flowers or something o' that kind."

"We have got birthday cards, of course," rejoined the superior young person. She was about to turn aside when Candy stopped her.

"No, no, miss, I didn't ask for birthday cards; I want a valentine, a real old-fashioned valentine, same as folks did use to send about when I were a young chap."

"There's a box with a few oddments of the kind on the top shelf, I believe, Miss Frisby," remarked the proprietor of the shop, with a somewhat amused air. "I came across them the other day. Perhaps Mr. Candy may find something to his liking among them."

The box was brought and laid before Mr. Candy; it contained all manner of curious trifles; odd sheets of antiquated notepaper, terrible funereal mementoes of the departed, and among them a few soiled and crumpled valentines of the old school, such as Candy remembered seeing in the hands of his pretty young sister Lizzie, who had died so long ago. After some hesitation he selected the most presentable of these, a lace-bordered object, to which a bunch of roses was affixed, with narrow blue ribbons—real blue ribbons—meandering round it, and terminating in tags of uneven length.

The postman surveyed it contentedly; roses and ribbons—surely nothing could be prettier or more appropriate for a friendly offering. Moreover he was pleased to observe that there was no foolish motto printed beneath.

"That's it!" he remarked. "I reckon I'll fix on that one. 'Tis a handsome thing. Would you oblige me with an envelope, miss?"

Having been provided with one of a suitable size, and further accommo-

dated with a pen and ink, he laboriously inscribed it with Miss Boyt's name and address, the young person in waiting relaxing sufficiently to take note of the same. Producing a stamp from the store which he kept handy in case of emergencies, Candy affixed it, paid his sixpence, and went out of the shop. Having posted the letter, he made his way home, chuckling to himself.

"Sixpence," he muttered. "'Tisn't so dear after all, and I do 'low it'll give the poor soul as much pleasure as if it had cost a thousand pound."

He was disappointed on the following morning to find Mrs. Inkpen's doorstep already scrubbed, and Susan nowhere in sight. The gate had no sooner swung on its hinges, however, before the house door was flung open, and Miss Florence appeared on the threshold. She was not looking her best, her face being evidently still unwashed, and the black hair, which, at a later hour, was so delightfully wavy, being still encased in hair-curlers. As Candy approached, at a somewhat slackened pace, he mentally contrasted her appearance with that of her aunt, whose good-humored face shone with cleanliness at the earliest hour, and whose old-fashioned ringlets were always divested of their papers before Susan left her tiny attic.

"A letter for me!" exclaimed Florrie, as the postman, with an air of affected carelessness, produced the large envelope with its printed address. "A valentine!" she added, for indeed the mis-sive betrayed its nature at the first glance.

"Not for you to-day, I think," responded Candy, pretending to spell out the endorsement. "Nay, 'tis for Miss Susan Boyt. Where is your aunt? I can't call to mind as I've ever brought her a letter before."

"A letter for Aunt Susan," cried Florrie, gaping with amazement.

An upper sash was lifted, and the younger niece's unkempt head was thrust forth.

"Lard!" she ejaculated, "ye don't never mean to say there's a letter for auntie this mornin'!"

Candy glanced up with a grin, and then, being a discreet man, averted his eyes, for Miss Mabel was still in what may be termed *demi-toilette*.

"There is, though. Hadn't one o' ye best fetch her? Where is Miss Boyt?"

"She's just sarvin' o' the pig," rejoined Florrie. "I'll take the letter, postman. The idea of anybody writin' to auntie!"

"No, I don't give up the letter to anyone except them 'tis meant for," said Candy, firmly. "Run along and fetch her, maldie. I d' 'low I'd better give this 'ere into her own hand. Ye can't expect to get all the letters," he added, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'm sure I don't see why ye need be put out about it neither. I'd put a good face on it if I was you, even if 'tis auntie what's got the valentine an' not you. I'm sure the card I brought 'ee yesterday did ought to keep 'ee satisfied for a bit, w' all the kisses what was set out in a row."

"Go on w' ye," cried Florrie, recovering some measure of good humor, as she slowly turned to obey his behest.

But meanwhile the back door had opened and Susan's plump little figure appeared at the farther end of the narrow passage. Setting down her pail she hastened forward at her niece's summons, but paused midway at the impressive vision of Postman Candy, who stood waving the large letter in an authoritative manner.

"I've a-brought ye summat to-day, Miss Boyt," he announced solemnly, "and as 'tis a thing what have never happened afore to my knowledge, I'm a-goin' to deliver this 'ere into your own hand."

He was half amused and half re-

morseful on seeing Susan turn pale at his words.

"A letter for me! Dear to be sure! I hope it don't mean nothin' bad."

Florrie uttered a derisive laugh, which Mabel echoed more good-naturedly from the upper window.

"Lard, auntie," cried the former, "what bad news could come to you? You haven't got no friends. Postman and me do think 'tis a valentine."

"A valentine!" gasped Susan, falling sideways against the door-post. "Why, whoever could send me a valentine? 'Tis true what you do say, maldie, I haven't got no friends."

"'Tis maybe somebody makin' fun of ye," suggested Florrie with a delighted giggle. "Them curls o' yours—they are enough to make a cat laugh. Somebody mid ha' seed 'em and sent ye a valentine w' a corkscrew on it."

"Don't ye believe any such thing," cried Candy angrily. "'Tis much more likely to come from a real friend—somebody what do know how to value ye," he added emphatically.

Then, fearing he had been guilty of injudicious warmth, he turned away, quickening his steps as he heard both nieces urging Susan to open the letter and see what was in it, anyhow; but before he had reached the end of the little path Susan's voice, loud, almost passionate, fell upon his ear:

"I'll do nothin' o' the kind. I d' 'low 'tis mine and I'll keep it to myself. For once in my life I've a-got summat o' my own."

"Well done," said Postman Candy to himself, jerking his head approvingly as he walked away. He was glad that Susan had asserted herself, but he could not help hoping that she would presently alter her mind and show the lace-edged trophy to the envious girls. He thought of its beauties with supreme satisfaction; the roses so natural as anything; the blue satin ribbons which artfully appeared to hold them

in place, the ends dangling just as they might have dangled from a real posy! It had certainly been a bargain for sixpence. He thought of Susan's joy and triumph, of her nieces' unwilling admiration, of their futile attempt to identify the sender. None of them would ever guess. They would fancy, perhaps, that Susan had some real admirer in the neighborhood, and her social status would be much exalted thereby. And to think it had all been brought about by the expenditure of sixpence—the price of half a dozen stamps or a couple of bottles of beer! Candy hugged himself at the thought, and vowed that he had never laid out money to better advantage.

He remained all day in the jubilant and self-congratulatory condition which results from the consciousness of having performed a good action at slight outlay; and was still thinking of Susan Boyt, when, tired after his second round, he approached home in the evening.

To his surprise a bright light shone through the kitchen window, and, as he opened the door, he observed that a fire was leaping on the hearth. Now, more often than not his fire went out during his absence and he was obliged to re-kindle it laboriously on his return, if indeed he did not content himself with the minute cooking-stove already mentioned, which made but poor cheer on a chilly evening. He was, moreover, astonished to observe that his lamp had been trimmed and lighted, that the table has been spread for his evening meal, and that a female figure was seated by his hearth.

"Mrs. Adlem!" he gasped, pausing on the threshold, and being amazed that the neighbor whose ministrations were strictly confined to the morning should have visited him at this hour of the day.

"It bain't Mrs. Adlem," responded Susan's voice, "'tis me, Mr. Candy. I

couldn't help comin'—along o' the valentine, ye know."

Candy shut the door behind him, scraped his feet carefully on the mat, and advanced into the room with a puzzled expression. Had Susan come to make inquiries respecting the sender of that valentine, or was it possible that she had already found out?

She rose as he approached and came towards him, such a transformed, transfigured Susan, with a face that looked fifteen years younger, and that was actually almost beautiful in its glow of happiness. She had donned her Sunday gown too, and wore a bow of blue ribbon at her throat.

"I come a bit too early," she explained hastily, "and I thought I m'd jist so well tidy up a bit here, an' get your tea ready for 'ee—an' there's your slippers put by the fire; I d' 'low they're nice an' warm by now and I've made the tea—so all's ready. But take off your boots first."

Candy, retracing his steps, hung up his cap on the peg by the door, and then proceeding to the hearth, began to divest himself slowly of his muddy footgear.

Susan stood watching him till his head was bent down over his task, and then resumed in a somewhat tremulous voice:

"The very minute I opened that letter, Mr. Candy, I knowed 'twas from you—an' when I pulled the strings an' saw what was wrote inside—dear, I can't tell ye what I felt! I didn't tell none of 'em nothin' about it, but I slipped out as soon as I could—there, I didn't care if they was all to grumble at me this day, and I asked at Burton's—I couldn't do w/out bein' quite sure, ye know. along of it's bein' sich a particular thing—an' when I found out as it was really you an' nobody else what bought the valentine—there, I can't tell 'ee how glad I was! My heart did seem to keep a singin' to itself the

whole way along the road. I come straight here o' course, along o' the valentine sayin' I must manage the rest myself. Then, when I seed you wasn't here I thought I'd best wait till you comed home. The time didn't seem so very long for I kept thinkin' all the while 'This is what I'll be doin' when me an' Candy's man and wife!'"

During Susan's excited and blissful outpouring, Candy had been unlacing his boots in a conscientious and pains-taking manner. At the more salient points of her discourse, his finger might have been seen to pause in the very act of curving itself round the greasy leather strip, but he did not raise his head till the conclusion of her speech; then he looked up with a very red face.

"Did ye chance to bring that valentine along wid ye?" he asked.

"I did indeed," rejoined Susan gleefully; and she produced it from her capacious pocket. "There, 'tis the prettiest thing I ever did see; I don't know how you did come to light on it. It muid ha' jist been made a purpose for we. And to think I never guessed at what was in your mind before—but the minute I pulled the strings—the blessed little strings—"

She broke off faltering, and Candy, taking the envelope from her hand, silently proceeded to examine the enclosure. There were the roses, there were the encircling ribbons and the pendant strings. Taking first one and then the other of these between his large finger and thumb he pulled them cautiously. Lo and behold, the posy slid downwards disclosing in the centre of the valentine a large crimson heart, on either side of which appeared verses in ink of the same hue.

Mechanically kicking off his boots and thrusting his feet into the slippers, he went nearer to the light, and read as follows:

This cluster of roses
My secret discloses,

A heart both tender and true.
Though it be not leap year
The hint's pretty clear,

And the rest must be managed by
you.

Luckily poor Susan had bashfully averted her face and did not see the stupefaction imprinted on that of Postman Candy.

The valentine which he had chosen so carefully, not only for its pretty appearance but for its guiltlessness of all semblance of "foolishness," had conveyed a declaration which the poor innocent soul was taking in all seriousness! What on earth was he to do now?

Susan repeated the last line with a nervous titter, becoming earnest, however, as she added: "'Twouldn't ha' been so easy to *manage the rest* wi' anybody else, but wi' you, Mr. Candy, a true friend as you did say yourself this marnin'—well, there, I d' 'low we do understand each other."

Candy made an inarticulate murmur, scratching his head the while.

"My only friend, as I muid say," went on Susan with emotion.

The postman cleared his throat, and turned round, conscious as he did so of the comfortable warmth of his slippers—a sensation due to Susan's thoughtfulness. Seeing that she had extended her hand he hastily did the same, clasping hers firmly and pumping it vigorously up and down, without speaking. A warm, plump little hand, but roughened by ceaseless work; even as he grasped it the thought flashed across his mind that he had never, during all the years he had known her, found Susan Boyt idle. His eyes wandered round the room, noting that the floor had been swept, the hearthstone whitened, and—why, actually she had found time to polish the pots and pans which had long hung rusty on the

wall; even the old warming-pan gleamed with newly recovered brightness.

"E-es, I did manage to get through a good bit of work while I was a-waitin," said Susan, observing him. "I'd work my fingers to the bwone for 'ee," she added, with fervor.

Postman Candy's gaze reverted to her face with an expression that softened more and more, and noted a certain wistfulness in the midst of its happiness.

"I know I bain't your equal in cleverness," said Susan humbly; "I were never clever, an' I do 'low that's why father did leave me a burden, so to speak, on my sister Rose."

"Not much of a burden, I think," said Candy, indignantly. "Why, 'tis you as keeps the whole place goin'!"

He patted the tollworn hand encouragingly, and then drew it firmly through his arm.

"They'll have to do without you now up at Inkpen's," he said; then suddenly

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fell to laughing. "Whatever'll them two maids say when you do tell 'em?" he cried, triumphantly. "Be sure you make 'em pull the strings," he added.

"Why, o' course, that's the first thing anybody 'ud do," replied Susan.

"To be sure," agreed he, dubiously, however, "the very first thing."

He put his arm round her solid waist and imprinted a warm salute on her round cheek.

"Never go for to tell I as you bain't clever, my dear," he cried, at which Susan felt more elated than she had ever been in her life.

And so Susan, who had never had anything of her own, found herself suddenly in possession of two trifling adjuncts to a woman's happiness—a husband and a home. Being an old-fashioned sort of body she was content with these—indeed, the only drawback to her bliss was the fact that for some inscrutable reason the Inkpen family never forgave her.

M. E. Francis.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.

Twenty-four centuries ago a line of Æschylus—"Egypt nurtured by the snow"—embodied a geographical theory which descended from Heaven knows what early folk-wandering. Aristotle with his *ἀργυροῦν ὄρος*, the Mountain of Silver from which the Nile flowed, continued the tradition in literature. Meantime Sabæan Arabs, trading along the east coast of Africa, and making expeditions to the interior, came back with stories of great inland seas and snow mountains near them. What they saw may have been only Killimanjaro and Kenia, but the popular acceptance of their reports points to the earlier tale linking the snows with the Nile valley. Greek and Roman travellers spread the rumor, and presently it

found its way, probably through Marinus of Tyre, into the pages of the geographer Ptolemy. Ptolemy had no doubt about these snows. He called them the Mountains of the Moon, and definitely fixed them as the source of the river of Egypt. For centuries after him the question slumbered, and men were too busied with creeds and conquests to think much of that fount of the Nile which Alexander the Great saw in his dreams. When the exploration of Equatoria began in the last century the story revived, and the discovery of Kenia and Killimanjaro seemed to have settled the matter. It was true that these mountains were a long way from the Nile water-shed, but then Ptolemy had never enjoyed much of a reputation

for accuracy. Still doubt remained in some minds, and explorers kept their eyes open for snow mountains which should actually feed the Nile, since after all so ancient a tradition had probably some ground of fact. Speke in 1861 thought he had discovered them in the chain of volcanoes between Lake Kivu and Lake Albert Edward, but these mountains held no snow. He received a hint, however, which might have led to success, for he heard from the Arabs of Unyamwezi of a strange mountain west of Lake Victoria, seldom visible, covered with white stuff, and so high and steep that no man could ascend it. In 1864 Sir Samuel Baker was within sight of Ruwenzori, and actually saw dim shapes looming through the haze, to which he gave the name of "Blue Mountain." In 1875 Stanley encamped for several days upon the eastern slopes, but he did not realize the greatness of the heights above him. He thought they were something like Elgon, and he christened them Mount Edwin Arnold (a name happily not continued); but he had no thought of snow or glacier, and he disbelieved the native stories of white stuff on the top. In 1876 Gordon's emissary, Gessi, recorded a strange apparition, "like snow-mountains in the sky," which his men saw, but he seems to have considered it a hallucination. Stranger still, Emin Pasha lived for ten years on Lake Albert and never once saw the range—a fact which may be partly explained by his bad eyesight. Ruwenzori keeps its secret well. The mists from the Semliki valley shroud its base, and only on the clearest days and for a very little time can the traveller get such a prospect as Mr. Grogan got—"a purple mass, peak piled upon peak, black-streaked with forest, scored with ravine, and ever mounting till her castellated crags shoot their gleaming tops far into the violet heavens."

The true discoverer was Stanley,

who, in 1888, suddenly had a vision of the range from the south-west shore of Lake Albert. Every one remembers the famous passage—

While looking to the south-east and meditating upon the events of the last month, my eyes were directed by a boy to a mountain said to be covered with salt, and I saw a peculiar-shaped cloud of a most beautiful silver color, which assumed the proportions and appearance of a vast mountain covered with snow. Following its form downward, I became struck with the deep blue-black color of its base, and wondered if it portended another tornado; then as the sight descended to the gap between the eastern and western plateaux I became for the first time conscious that what I gazed upon was not the image or semblance of a vast mountain, but the solid substance of a real one, with its summit covered with snow. . . . It now dawned upon me that this must be Ruwenzori, which was said to be covered with a white metal or substance believed to be rock, as reported by Kavali's two slaves.

Stanley had neither the time nor the equipment for mountain expeditions, though to the end of his life Ruwenzori remained for him a centre of romance. It was his "dear wish," as he told the Royal Geographical Society shortly before his death, that some lover of Alpine climbing would take the range in hand and explore it from top to bottom. In 1889 one of his companions, Lieutenant Stairs, made an attempt from the north-west, and reached a height of nearly 11,000 feet. Two years later Dr. Stuhlmann, a member of Emin's expedition, made a bold journey up the Butagu valley on the west, discovered the wonderful mountain vegetation, and nearly reached the snow level. In 1895 came Mr. Scott Elliot, who was primarily a botanist, but who, in spite of bad malaria, managed to struggle as far as 13,000 feet. Then followed troubles in Uganda, and it was not till 1900 that the work of exploration was

resumed. To make the story clear it is necessary to explain that the range runs practically north and south, and that about half-way it is cut into by two deep valleys—the Mobuku running to the east and the Butagu running to the Semliki on the west. Fort Portal at the northern end is the nearest station, and as from it the eastern side is the more accessible, it was natural that the Mobuku valley should be chosen as the best means of access. In 1900 Mr. Moore reached its head, and ascended the mountain called Kiyanja to the height of 14,900 feet. He had no sight of the range as a whole, but he believed this to be the highest peak, and put the summit at about 16,000 feet. In the same year Sir Harry Johnston followed this route. He ascended to the height of 14,828 feet on Kiyanja, and saw from the Mobuku valley a mountain to the north, which he named Duwoni. He came to the conclusion that the highest altitude of the range was not under 20,000 feet, and in this view he was followed by other travellers, like Mr. Wylde, Mr. Grogan, and Major Gibbons, none of whom however, actually made ascents of any peak.

The first serious mountaineering expedition was made in 1905 by Mr. Douglas Freshfield and Mr. A. L. Munn, who suffered from such appalling weather that they had to give up the attempt. Being experienced mountaineers, however, they reached some valuable conclusions. From the plains they had a clear view of the tops, and ascertained that the mountain called Kiyanja at the head of the Mobuku valley was certainly lower than a twin-peaked snow mountain beyond it to the west. They also placed the extreme height of the range at no more than 18,000 feet. Meanwhile Lieutenant Behrens of the Anglo-German Boundary Commission had made an elaborate triangulation, and gave to the twin tops of the highest peak altitudes of 16,625 and 16,549 feet

—measurements, let it be noted, which were only a few hundred feet out. One other expedition which occupied the close of the same year and the beginning of 1906, deserves mention. Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston, of a British Museum party, found an old ice-axe in a hut (probably left by Mr. Freshfield), and, with a few yards of rotten rope, set off with a companion to climb Kiyanja. He reached a height of 16,379 feet, and also climbed a peak to the north, which he believed wrongly to be Duwoni, and which now very properly bears his name. The whole performance was a brilliant adventure, and Mr. Wollaston has recently published the story of his travels in a delightful book.¹

Such was the position when in April 1906 the Duke of the Abruzzi and his party left Italy to solve once and for all the riddle of the mountain. The Duke is perhaps the greatest of living mountaineers. As a rock-climber his fame has filled the Alps, and no name is more honored at Courmayeur or the Montanvert. He has led polar expeditions, and has made the first ascent of the Alaskan Mount St. Elias. His experience, therefore, has made him not only a climber, but an organizer of mountain travel. It is to this latter accomplishment that he owes his success, for Ruwenzori is not so much a climber's as a traveller's problem. The actual mountaineering is not hard, but to travel the long miles from Entebbe to the range, to cut a path through the dense jungles of the valleys, and to carry supplies and scientific apparatus to the high glacier camps, required an organizing talent of the first order. The Duke left no contingency unforeseen. He took with him four celebrated Courmayeur guides, and a staff of distinguished scientists, as well as Cav. Vittorio Sella, the greatest of living moun-

¹ From Ruwenzori to the Congo. John Murray.

tain photographers. So large was the expedition that two hundred and fifty native porters were required to carry stores from Entebbe to Fort Portal. It was not a bold personal adventure, like Mr. Wollaston's, but a carefully-planned, scientific assault upon the mystery of Ruwenzori. The Duke did not only seek to ascend the highest peak, but to climb every summit and map accurately every mountain, valley, and glacier. The story of the work has now been officially written,² not indeed by the leader himself, who had no time to spare, but by his friend and former companion, Cav. Filippo de Filippi, who was not even a member of the expedition. It is an admirable account, clear and yet picturesque, and it is illustrated by photographs and panoramas which we have never seen equalled in mountaineering literature.

The charm of the book is its strangeness. It tells of a kind of mountaineering to which the world can show no parallel. When Lhasa had been visited, Ruwenzori remained—save for the gorges of the Brahmaputra—the only great geographical mystery unveiled. Happily the unveiling has not killed the romance, for the truth is stranger than any forecast. If the Mountains of the Moon are lower than we had believed, they are far more wonderful. Here you have a range almost on the Equator, rising not from an upland, like Kilimanjaro, but from the "Albertine Depression," which is 600 or 700 feet below the average level of Uganda; a range of which the highest peaks are a thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc, which is draped most days of the year in mist, and accessible from the plains only by deep-cut glens choked with strange trees and flowers. The altitude would in any case give every stage of climate from torrid to arctic, but the position on the Line adds

something exotic even to familiar mountain sights, draping a glacier moraine with a tangle of monstrous growths, and swelling the homely Alpine flora into portents. The freakish spirit in Nature has been let loose, and she has set snowfields and rock *arêtes* in the heart of a giant hothouse.

The Duke of the Abruzzi was faced at the start with a deplorable absence of information. Even the season when the weather was clearest was disputed. Mr. Freshfield, following Sir Harry Johnston's advice, tried November and found a perpetual shower-bath. Warned by this experience, the Duke selected June and July for the attempt, and was fortunate enough to get sufficient clear days to complete his task, though he was repeatedly driven into camp by violent rain. Another matter in doubt was the best means of approach to the highest snows. The obvious route was the Mobuku valley, but by this time it was pretty clear that Kiyanja, the peak at its head, was not the highest, and it was possible that there might be no way out of the valley to the higher western summits. Still, it had been the old way of travellers, and since the alternative was the Butagu valley right on the other side of the range, the Duke chose to follow the steps of his predecessors. Just before Butiti he got his first sight of the snow, and made out that a double peak, which was certainly not Johnston's Duwoni, was clearly the loftiest. Duwoni came into view again in the lower Mobuku valley, and the sight, combined with the known locality of Kiyanja, enabled the expedition to take its bearings. Duwoni was seen through the opening of a large tributary valley, the Bujuku, which entered the Mobuku on the north side between the Portal Peaks. Now it had been clear from the lowlands that the highest snows were to the south of Duwoni, and must consequently lie between that peak and the

² *Ruwenzori: An Account of the Expedition of H. R. H. the Duke of the Abruzzi.* London: Constable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mobuku valley. The conclusion was that the Bujuku must lead to the foot of the highest summits, while the Mobuku could not. The discovery was the key of the whole geography of the range, but the Duke did not act upon it. He wisely decided to explore Kiyanja first, so, thinning out his caravan and leaving his heavier stores at the last native village, he pushed with his party up the Mobuku torrent.

The Mobuku valley falls in stages from the glacier, and at the foot of each stage is a cliff-face and a waterfall. The soil everywhere oozes moisture, and, where an outcrop of rock or a mat of dead boughs does not give harder going, it is knee-deep in black mud. The first stage is forest land, great conifers with masses of ferns and tree-ferns below, and above a tangle of creepers and flaming orchids. At the second terrace you come to the fringe of Alpine life. Here is the heath forest, of which let the narrative tell:—

Trunks and boughs are entirely smothered in a thick layer of mosses which hang like waving beards from every spray, cushion and englobe every knot, curl and swell around each twig, deform every outline and obliterate every feature, till the trees are a mere mass of grotesque contortions, monstrous tumefactions of the discolored, leprous growth. No leaf is to be seen save on the very topmost twigs, yet the forest is dark owing to the dense network of trunks and branches. The soil disappears altogether under innumerable dead trunks, heaped one upon another in intricate piles, covered with mosses, viscous and slippery when exposed to the air; black, naked, and yet neither mildewed nor rotten where they have lain for years and years in deep holes. No forest can be grimmer and stranger than this. The vegetation seems primeval, of some period when forms were uncertain and provisory.

But the third terrace is stranger still. There one is out of the forest and in

an Alpine meadow between sheer cliffs, with far at the head the gorge and shelter of Bujongolo and the tongue of the glacier above it. But what an Alpine meadow!—

The ground was carpeted with a deep layer of lycopodium and springy moss, and thickly dotted with big clumps of the papery flowers, pink, yellow, and silver white, of the *helichrysum* or everlasting, above which rose the tall columnar stalks of the lobelia, like funeral torches, beside huge branching groups of the monster *senecio*. The impression produced was beyond words to describe; the spectacle was too weird, too improbable, too unlike all familiar images, and upon the whole brooded the same grave deathly silence.

It is a commonplace to say that in savage Africa man is surrounded by a fauna still primeval; but in these mountains the flora, too, is of an earlier world, that strange world which is embalmed in our coal-seams. Under the veil of mist, among cliffs which lose themselves in the clouds, the traveller walks in an unearthly landscape with the gaunt candelabra of the *senecios*, the flambeaux of the lobellias, and the uncanny blooms of the *helichryse* like decorations at some ghostly feast. The word "*helichryse*" calls up ridiculous Theocratean associations, as if the sunburnt little "*creeping-gold*" of Sicily were any kin to these African marvels. Our elders were wise when they named the range the Mountains of the Moon, for such things might well belong to some lunar gorge of Mr. Wells's imagination. Beyond Kiyanja the Duke found a little lake where a fire had raged and the *senecios* were charred and withered. It was a veritable Valley of Dry Bones.

Bujongolo offered the expedition a stone-heap overhung by a cliff, and there the permanent camp was fixed. Among mildews and lichens and pallid mist and an everlasting drip of rain

five weeks were passed with this unpromising spot as their base. The first business was to ascend Kiyanja. This gave little trouble, for the ridge was soon gained, and an easy *arête* to the south led to the chief point. The height proved to be 15,988 feet, and the view from the summit settled the geography of the range and confirmed the Duke's theories. For it was now clear that the ridge at the head of the Mobuku was no part of the watershed of the chain, and that the Duwoni of Johnston was to the north, not of the Mobuku, but of the Bujuku. The highest summits stood over to the west, rising from the col at the head of the Bujuku valley. The Duke saw that they might also be reached by making a detour to the south of Kiyanja, and ascending a glen which is one of the high affluents of the Butagu, the great valley on the west side of the system. It may be convenient here to explain the main features of the range, giving them the new names which the expedition invented, and which are now adopted by geographers. Kiyanja became Mount Baker, and its highest point is called Edward Peak after the King. Due south, across the Freshfield Pass, stands Mount Luigi di Savoia, a name given by the Royal Geographical Society and not by the Duke, who wished to christen it after Joseph Thomson the traveller. Due north from Mount Baker, and separated from it by the upper Bujuku valley, is Mount Speke (the Duwoni of Johnston), with its main summit called Vittorio Emanuele. West of the gap between Baker and Speke stands the highest summit of all, Mount Stanley, with its twin peaks Margherita and Alexandra. North of Mount Speke is Mount Emin, and east of the latter is Mount Gessi. Five of the great *massifs* cluster around the Bujuku valley, while the sixth, Mount Luigi di Savoia, stands by itself at the south end of the chain.

The assault on Mount Stanley was delayed for some days by abominable weather. At last came a clear season, and the Duke with his guides crossed Freshfield Pass and ascended the valley at the back of Mount Baker. There they spent an evening, which showed what Ruwenzori could be like when the clouds are absent. They found a little lake, embosomed in flowers, under the cliffs, and looking to the west they saw the sun set in crimson and gold over the great spaces of the Congo Forest. Next day they reached the col which bears the name of Scott Elliot, and encamped on one of the Mount Stanley glaciers at the height of 14,817 feet. At 7.30 on the following morning they reached the top of the first peak, Alexandra, 16,749 feet high. A short descent and a difficult piece of step-cutting through snow cornices took them to the summit of Margherita (16,815 feet), the highest point of the range.

They emerged from the mist into splendid clear sunlight. At their feet lay a sea of fog. An impenetrable layer of light ashy-white cloud-drift, stretching as far as the eye could reach, was drifting rapidly north-westward. From the immense moving surface emerged two fixed points, two pure white peaks sparkling in the sun with their myriad snow crystals. These were the two extreme summits of the highest peaks. The Duke of the Abruzzi named these summits Margherita and Alexandra, "in order that, under the auspices of these two royal ladies, the memory of the two nations may be handed down to posterity,—of Italy, whose name was the first to resound on these snows in a shout of victory, and of England, which in its marvellous colonial expansion carries civilization to the slopes of these remote mountains." It was a thrilling moment when the little tricolor flag, given by H.M. Queen Margherita of Savoy, unfurled to the wind and sun the embroidered letters of its inspiring motto, "*Ardisci e Spera.*"

The conquest of Mount Stanley was the culminating-point of the expedition. After that, the topography being known, it only remained to ascend the four *massifs* of Speke, Emin, Gessi, and Luigi di Savoia. In addition, the Bujuku valley with its tributary the Migusi was thoroughly explored. The aim of the Duke being completeness, many of the peaks were ascended several times to verify the observations. There is an account of how from one peak in a sudden blink of fine weather the leader saw two portions of the expedition in different parts of the range moving about their allotted tasks. The result of this wise organization is that to-day the world knows every peak, glacier, and valley in Ruwenzori far more minutely than many habitable parts of the East African plateau. The expedition was not only a fine adventure, but a wonderful piece of solid and enduring scientific work. No Englishman will grudge that the honors of the pioneer have fallen to so brilliant a climber and so unwearied a traveller as the Duke of the Abruzzi. The Italian name has always stood high in mountaineering annals, and the Duke has long ago earned his place in that inner circle of fame which includes Mummery and Guido Rey, Moore and Zsigmondy.

The riddle of equatorial snow has been solved, and there is nothing very startling in the answer. The upper part of the mountain has no marvels to show equal to the giant groundsels and lobelias and the forest of heath on the lower slopes. The glaciers are all small, without tributaries, as in Norway; and there are no real basins, but merely "a sort of glacier caps from which ice digitations flow down at divers points." All the same, the glacier formation is more respectable than Mr. Freshfield thought, for he saw only the small ice-stream at the head of the Mobuku, and was not aware of the

much greater one from Mount Stanley which descends to the upper Bujuku valley. The limit of perpetual snow is about 14,600 feet. Mr. Freshfield was so struck by the small size of the Mobuku torrent where it issues from the glacier, and by its clearness, that he thought it must come from some underground spring rather than from a real melting of the ice. He maintained that tropical glaciers were consumed mainly by evaporation and only in a small degree by melting. The Duke has, however, made it clear that the glaciers of Ruwenzori are subject to the same conditions as those of the Alps, and that their streams are true glacier torrents. The limpidity of the water he ascribes to their almost complete immobility, which means that there is no grinding of the detritus in their beds.

On the whole, the range offers no great scope for the energies of the mountaineer. The ice and snow work is easy, and even the huge cornices, such as are found on Margherita, are fairly safe for the climber, owing to the way in which they are propped by a forest of ice stalactites caused by the rapid melting of the snow. On the other hand, there seems to be abundance of rock climbing of every degree of difficulty, for the mountains below the snow-line fall very sheer to the valleys. Luigi di Savoia, Emin, and Gessi are virtually rock peaks; an isolated summit, Mount Cagni, is wholly rock; and there are fine rock faces on Mount Baker and the Edward and Savoia Peaks of Mount Stanley. We doubt, however, if Ruwenzori will ever be a centre for the rock gymnast. The weather would damp the ardor of the most earnest *habitué* of Chamonix or San Martino. A few hours of sunshine once a-week are not enough in which to plan out routes up cliffs whose scale far exceeds the measure of the Alps. The Grêpon on the Dru would

have long remained virgin if their crags had been for ever slimy with moisture and draped in mist, and the climber had to descend to no comfortable Montanvert, but to a clammy tent among swamps and mildews.

And yet it remains almost the strangest of the world's wonders, and its ascent will always be one of the finest of human adventures. They are Mountains of the Moon rather than of this common earth. The first discoverers brought back tales which were scarcely credible—ice-peaks of Himalayan magnitude, soaring out of flame-colored tropic jungles. For long mountaineers have been consumed with insatiable curiosity as to what mysteries lay behind that veil of mist. For all they knew, equatorial snow might be difficult beyond the skill of man, and Ruwenzori the eternal and unapproachable goal of the adventurer's ambition. The truth is prosaic beside these imaginings. Any man who can afford the time and money, who selects the right time of year, and is sound in wind and limb, can stand on the dome of Margherita. But the experience will still be unique, for these mountains have no fellows on the globe. The other day Dr. Cook published his narrative of the

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first ascent of Mount M'Kinley in Alaska, and there is a certain kinship between his tale and that of the Duke of the Abruzzi. That gaunt icy peak is as unlike the ordinary snow mountain as Ruwenzori. The climb begins from the glacier at a height of a thousand feet, and nineteen thousand feet of snow and ice have to be surmounted. The pioneers slept out on the slopes six nights before they succeeded in crawling to the summit. The Alaskan giant and the Mountains of the Moon stand at the opposite poles of climate, but both are alike in being outside the brotherhood of mountains. They are extravagances of nature, moulded without regard to human needs. For mountains, when all has been said, belong to the habitable world. They are barriers between the settlements of man, and from their isolation the climber looks to the vineyards and corn lands and cities of the plains. An ice peak near the Pole and a range veiled in the steaming mists of the Line are solitudes more retired, and sanctuaries more inviolate. The common mountain-top lifts a man above the tumult of the lowlands, but these seem to carry him beyond the tumult of the world.

THE TELEGRAPHIC TRANSMISSION OF WRITING.

The advent of the telewriter should obviate the mistakes and misunderstandings which so commonly occur in business messages transmitted by telephone, and should save the repetition work now necessary owing to messages having to be confirmed by letter.

The telewriter consists of a transmitter and receiver. The message to be sent is written in pencil on a roll of paper attached to the transmitter, and is exactly reproduced in pen and

ink on the distant receiver. The pencil at the transmitter is fixed at the junction of two jointed rods, which are connected to each of two shafts, and communicate a rotary movement to them. These shafts in turn move contact pieces, which cause a variation of voltage in two electrical circuits. These circuits control two moving coils suspended in an electromagnetic field in the receiver, and the jointed rods connected to these coils actuate the pen which reproduces the writing—or

message—on a roll of paper at the receiver.

Thus any motion of the pencil at the transmitter is resolved into two component movements, which cause a variation of the positions of the moving coils at the receiver. These coils, actuating the two levers to which the receiving pen is attached, reproduce the motions of the pencil at the transmitter.

When the paper available for writing on at the transmitter has been used up, it is fed forward mechanically by pulling a lever, which at the same time causes a current to be sent through both lines and operates a relay which actuates the paper in the receiver proportionately.

Before starting to send a message, a button is pressed on the transmitter, and this automatically ensures the lever at the receiving end being in the proper position for the instrument to receive a message. The receiving pen—before contact is made by the pencil on the transmitter—reposes in an inkwell, and this ensures that plenty of ink is always obtainable. The telewriter is also fitted with a telephone, and communication can be held by either method over the same lines, but not simultaneously.

An advantage of the telewriter over the telephone is that, should the person rung up be out, the message can be written and will await his return. No operator is necessary to receive the messages, and so long as the roll of paper in the receiver lasts, so long can messages be received.

Nature.

The ordinary telephone wires are all that is necessary for the operation of the telewriter, the power being obtained from either batteries or the central station supply. Both direct current and alternating currents can be used, but in the latter case a rectifier must be placed in circuit.

Messages can be sent to practically any number of telewriters from one transmitter, thus assuring the same message being received simultaneously on the various receivers.

The Postmaster-General has granted a license for twenty-one years to the Telewriter Syndicate, and after 1911, when the National Telephone Company's license expires, the Telewriter Syndicate will operate its own system and establish telewriter exchanges, paying royalties for the same. These lines will be independent of the Post Office telephones, but will be leased from the Post Office, and telephonic communication in addition is to be a *sine qua non* on all these lines.

At present the telewriter is established chiefly on private lines, and is working satisfactorily in many large warehouses, stores, and offices, but messages and sketches have been successfully sent from London to Manchester over the Post Office telephone trunk lines, which were used, by permission, for the experiment. Arrangements and special instruments are now being made with the view of sending similar messages over the existing trunk telephone line from London to Paris.

THE PARALYSIS OF SATIRE.

The death of Caran d'Ache may, among other and sadder effects, draw attention to the state of caricature in this country as compared with France

and the rest of Christendom. Caran d'Ache called himself impersonally "The Pencil"; and, indeed, his mere pencil, his mere manual trick, was of

some international and symbolic importance. His style of drawing expressed the central French paradox, the combination of extravagance with lucidity. His habit of running a clear and complete line round all his funny little figures was not artistic, in the sense that the brilliant omissions of Phil May were artistic, or the rainy twilights of Keene, or the thousand varied strokes of a thousand French caricaturists. But it was intellectual; it was a sort of logical definition of all the men, animals, and trees that he drew. His figures resembled dancing diagrams. It was as if some mad philosopher had cut all creation out of cardboard. Nor is it surprising that Caran d'Ache occupied his later years in making wooden figures of kings and statesmen; his whole joy was in such absurd simplifications of the human form.

But Caran d'Ache alone does not give quite an adequate outlook on the state of this satiric style of art. And the state of it in this country is very weak indeed, and wants looking to. This weakness does not arise from that alleged inferiority of England in the fine arts of which the Phillistine boasts, and with which the æsthete flatters the Phillistine. A mere inferiority in art criticism would be comparatively unimportant; and it is exactly because it is unimportant that we are always hearing about it. The real evil is one which is much deeper. It is not in art that we are inferior to the French just now. At this particular period we are inferior to the French in politics—and in morals.

The difference between French and English caricature does not lie in the fact that caricature in England is inferior. It lies in the fact that caricature in England is not caricature. As pictorial art some of it is very good, perhaps better than the French. There are several artists now on "Punch"

whose treatment of atmospheres or interiors, spluttering sunlight or tender twilights, are really among the victories of pen and ink. But it is all very warm sunlight and twilight, very tender indeed; there is not one solitary flash of the true lighting of satire. Indeed, as one looks at these dim indoor pictures in "Punch," a curious cold fear grips the heart of any patriotic man, a fear that perhaps they may depict only too well, in that cheerless afternoon closing in upon cushioned furniture and courteous tired conversation, our dim aristocratic decline. England is a slowly darkening drawing-room. The men of the drawing-room are still athletic, but they are not fighting; the women, whom one traces dimly, are still beautiful, but men do not take any risks to win them. That drawing-room which Du Maurier filled with light and laughter, with freaks and prejudices, superficial, indeed, but alive, is growing grayer and grayer hour by hour; and only a few figures linger sulkily in the corners. This will not do; we must have some caricature, coarse, cruel, shameless—and moral.

The essential qualities of true caricature are capable of some rough summary. First (if it is to be hearty and heroic caricature) it must be attacking something powerful. If it is attacking something powerful, then almost all brutalities of method are excusable, because they are redressing a balance. If a man sets up to be more than human, you may remind him that he is human, even if you remind him that he was seasick. It is infamous to point at a deformed pedlar as a hump-back, because you are laying another burden on a back already bowed. But it is not infamous to point at Richard III. at his coronation as a humpback, because his physical infirmity is analogous to those moral infirmities which make such despotism a

danger. That a king may easily be a weakling is not an attack on weaklings, but an attack on kings. It is bad taste to call a harmless old apple-woman fat; but it is not bad taste to call George IV. fat, because a whole false picture of politics and life is founded on the idea that he is dignified, elegant, and alert. Thus it is also even with the outrageous caricatures of Gillray and others against Napoleon—the pictures which represented Napoleon as a monkey, a pigmy, a mere microbe to be looked at through a microscope. They were spiteful, they were frantic, they were false, but they were great caricatures; they had the soul of satire, because they sought to put down the mighty from his seat. These men drew Napoleon small because they knew that he was great. They sought to make him smart with pictures of defeat, because they had themselves smarted at the sight of his victories.

Look at these Gillray pictures, with some disgust, perhaps, at their thirsty and pitiless malignity against a great enemy. Then open the current number of "Punch"; and see how far we have fallen from that comprehensible cruelty, that high and human revenge. One of the cartoons of "Punch" this week has for its point the alleged fact that some people in Ireland receive old age pensions before the Parliamentary date. It is illustrated by a picture of ragged Irish peasants, drawn so as to bear just that decent resemblance to apes which "Punch" demands, dancing with delight because all of them, old and young, have received an old age pension. These are the things our cartoonists attack; and that is why they cannot produce any great caricature. They are attacking the shifts and tricks of the poor; because they dare not attack those of the powerful. The French Anti-Clericals can draw real caricatures of swollen Cardinals

riding on donkeys; because the Catholic Church is a powerful thing. The French Nationalists can draw real caricatures of fat Jews tipped out of motor cars; because Jewish cosmopolitan finance is a powerful thing. One can be really angry with such things. But no one can be really angry because some people, admittedly very poor, have by accident or ignorance or small pretences, obtained a little comfort before they die. The thing may be a matter for official rectification or official rebuke; but it is not a matter for satire. Considered as satire the thing is a cowardly subterfuge; compared with this kind of thing Gillray was a gentleman. "Punch" will never again be a great organ of public criticism until it begins again to hit the things that can hit it back, of which it can take an ample choice, the Royal Family, the Jewish bankers, the Party system, the Police, the Middle-Class Conscience—or even the Christian Religion. It can select whichever it likes to attack, but I should say the safest is the last. But to confine oneself to attacking occasional anarchist organ-grinders or Irish peasants so remote that the artist has obviously never seen them—that is to disappear from the world of creative caricature.

The second principle which is essential to caricature is that it should appeal to a plain moral standard. Satire has grown weak precisely because belief has grown weak. Our caricatures have grown tame in proportion as our speculations have grown wild. And this is evident and rational. How can I effectively hold up to ridicule some vice which a cleverer man may be holding up to adoration? How can I caricature some dirty philosopher who is always ready to caricature himself? This is the second great reason why we cannot draw such caricatures as we drew in the eighteenth century against George IV. or Napoleon. If

we denounced the infidelities of George, we should find that half the "advanced" people were praising infidelity. If we reproached Napoleon with his bloody laurels, we should find that bloody laurels were quite correct wear in the opinion of every clerk who had read Nietzsche. Satire involves revolt; but revolt involves a fixed ideal. It is only those who are in possession who can afford to be sceptics. And they generally have been sceptics. People talk, for instance, of Mr. Balfour as an exception; but nearly all Tory leaders have been like Mr. Balfour. Behind Balfour one sees the

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sneering Salisbury, behind him the sneering Disraeli, and so by almost unbroken succession back to all the Kings that have felt themselves free from God. It is only the rebel who needs to be a dogmatist. The ruler has always had the wisdom to see that his strongest asset was the open mind. Age after age the same divine humanity has stood bound in the same hall of judgment. But the judge in his high chair of judgment has seldom been so silly as merely to say to the prisoner "You lie." He has always said, "What is truth?" One can see Mr. Balfour leaning forward and saying it.

Gilbert K. Chesterton.

MAGIC OF THE BAGPIPES.

There is a sort of selfish delight that comes to the Scotsman when he reflects that bagpipe music is his own property—despite the fact that pipes are played in Ireland and somewhat similar instruments in various Eastern countries—and can never be fully understood or appreciated by any one else. Not that every Scotsman understands or even appreciates this weird music which would seem to be part of his homeland; for there are some who, unaffectedly I have no doubt, declare that the voice of their native instrument stirs up in them nothing save a desire for its immediate silencing. For such of his fellow-countrymen as these the bagpipe-loving Highlander has a feeling of irritation not unmingled with an odd sense of pity. He would be glad that every man—and every woman—born in Scotland of Scottish parents should know as he knows, and love as he loves, the music of the pipes. Over strangers to his country he can smile and say, "You can never understand, poor folks." Thus at the outset it must be admitted freely, and I think thankfully, that the charm of the bag-

pipes is not universal. But to the Scotsman, with the love of his land strongly rooted in his nature; to one whose soul is attuned to the misty mountains, the wild splendid glens, and the defiant torrents; to one who finds no mystery in the mysterious Highland heart—the leaping, the droning, and the wailing of this strange music are prized more deeply than he can ever hope to tell.

Watch a company of such men as they stand listening while a kilted piper plays. No face is quite passive then, for the witchery of the notes cajoles emotion. Lips twitch; eyes that were lustreless before are set a-shining; toes and heels beat time. All the secrets of their stern rugged land seem to be springing from that swelling tartan-bag tucked under the piper's arm. It is very wonderful, but the Highlander does not know that it is wonderful. Only he finds himself marvelling now and then at the thoughts and desires which come to him as the deft fingers move upon the chanter. Is there any other instrument in the world that can awaken so many different

emotions as the bagpipes can? The voice of the violin can carry us to high planes of thought. It can make us want to weep, but can it make us want to fight? Can it stir our blood and quicken our pulses? Can it bring to the eye the picture of any one country? Can it make us hold our heads high and be very proud? But perhaps the questions are unfair. The violin is cosmopolitan, but the bagpipes are our own. How many men, I wonder, have, on finding themselves facing death on a red-tinged battlefield, been saved from cowardice by the buoyant notes that brought to them the memory of grim brave hills at home, and stirred in them the spirits of those earlier patriots who had built up the nation's pride? If when a Scotsman in battle thinks of anything but the fighting to be done, then he thinks of Scotland and what Scotland would expect.

The pipes are the finest recruiting sergeant that a Highland regiment could have. The booming of a drum or the blaring of a bugle will bring men and women hurrying out to see the gay-uniformed soldiers, and these same gay uniforms may attract the lads and the desire to be similarly bedecked urge them to enlist, but the pipes do not recruit after this fashion. It is not to a man's eyes that they appeal; they do not set a lure for his vanity. They strike deeper than that. They send strange messages quivering to his heart; they set his blood a-tingling madly, and all unconsciously he stretches out an eager hand for the sword-hilt that he knows should be there. Oh, it is a strange thing, this music of ours! It turns brave men into heroes, and cowards into brave men. The world does not need to be told the manner of soldier that a Highlander makes; how fierce his fighting is; how, even though he lie dying at the feet of his enemy, he will mutter out defiance and deny that he is con-

quered; but it may be that the world gives too little credit to the music that helped to make the man's heart hot, and to put the strength of reckless enthusiasm into his arms.

And to us who know the pipes inspire this tumultuous lust for fighting, it is a little wonderful to think that the same instrument can dim the battle-light in a man's eyes; can chase it quite away and bring in its place a mist of tenderest sadness. There is something of sadness in all music soberly played, but the plaintive lilting and droning of the bagpipes can shake a Scotsman's nature to its very core. He may not weep, perhaps, for tears come seldom to him, but his fingers will twist about each other, his face will be set in a sort of whimsical sternness, and his eyes will be full of a mystical knowledge. For him the mists have momentarily swept away and he sees things that for the most part are hidden from all but those who, having lived long full lives, are granted an insight and understanding that is not of the earth. While the weird music throbs on and while half-unconsciously he continues to listen, all that is sweetest and best in the man's soul awakens. He may not know it—it is better that he should not—but while the music held sway over him he came near, very near, to greatness.

There is a noble dignity about a lament played upon the bagpipes; a plaintive sorrow untouched by any sense of whimpering or cowardly complaint. One may watch a kilted company, with arms reversed, following a comrade to his resting-place; one may watch the glinting of the sporn-mountings and the twinkling of the white spats, and one may listen to the pipers as they play "*Lochaber No More*," but one does not feel that there is any note of pining or useless moaning here. In the music there is just the mingling of many voices mourning the loss of a friend.

A mourning that is very simple and very honest, and that is unaccompanied by any wringing of hands or stricken crying of "give him back!" Ah well! the Highland music accords with the Highland heart. The bleak sky may sob over the mountains and wrap their great shoulders in folds of gray, but it can never hide their bravery nor subdue their austere strength. Perhaps to no one does the magic of this music appeal so strongly as to the Scotsman abroad. No matter how long he may have dwelt in some sun-blistered land; no matter how happy he may have been there; no matter how honestly he may dread the climate of the "old country," he will ache with an unutterable home-sickness when he hears the long-forgotten skirling of the pipes. His throat will grow a bit dry, and the hands that he claps together will be a trifle unsteady. But of course the proper place to listen to the pipes, the place where one can best appreciate their subtle charm, is among the mountains and glens of the Highlands themselves.

I have in my memory the picture of a certain summer afternoon when I lay amongst the heather and bracken on one of the Perthshire hills overlooking a famous pass. I had been sleeping, I think—drowsing in the sunshine, at any rate—when gradually some sounds, faint and very far away but quite unmistakable, came drifting up to where I lay. I sat up and waited, listening. Slowly the sounds drew nearer and became more clear; the spirited rattling of the drums and the glowing clamorous gaiety of the bagpipes. Greedily I hearkened to it all, storing up almost with the eagerness of a miser a memory that in after years I could fall back upon and muse over gladly. The players came in sight at last, they and the men they led homewards from the mimic warfare in which they had been engaged. And as I watched them,

kilts swaying, side arms glittering, go swinging up the glen and out of sight; as I listened while the music became fainter and fainter and finally faded away, I leapt to my feet, filled with a sudden yearning to have a sword in my hand and be one of that gallant company. The mood passed quickly, but I cannot forget that for a few minutes at least I looked enthusiastically upon a very different sphere of life from mine and felt with the feelings of a soldier. I make mention of the incident because I have often wondered how many thousands of my fellow-Scotsmen, who are not maybe even in the ranks of the Territorial Army, have shared such a joyous moment with me and now are glad to cherish its remembrance.

When I have spoken here of bagpipe music, I have of course meant bagpipe music played upon the bagpipes; not bagpipe music played upon the piano or the violin. But such rendering of the famous marches and dances and laments is by no means to be despised when the performer is talented and his or her nimble fingers controlled by an understanding brain. If you take a Scotsman with a cultivated taste for music and play to him from the works of the masters, he will reward you with a very attentive hearing and with honest words of thanks. But give him half an hour of Highland airs, of the music that was born when the wind moaned along the hill valleys and rustled and laughed through the fir-trees, and he will probably forget to thank you at all—with his voice. It is to his eyes you must look, and there you will see that which should make you very glad. Then take the music that the piper plays to the Scottish dances. Were there ever such rollicking, jaunty, captivating strains as these, which set fingers a-snapping and bring a subdued "Hooch!" to the lips of even the most decorous?

There is a world of sympathy in this dear music of ours. I wonder if there is any chord in our natures that the pipes cannot touch! They can make us warlike and strong to kill; they can make us gladsome with a gaiety that has no slightest tinge of affectation; and, perhaps best of all, they can set

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throbbing in our hearts a pity and a manly sadness that carries us into realms where we had not thought to enter. And there we may wander for a while; sorrow-touched perhaps, but with eyes full of amazement at the tenderness of our passing wonderland.

W. Harold Thomson.

THE AFFECTATION OF THE LETTER.

Perhaps it is from a kind of racial conceit, because the power to associate is the first and most distinctive of human faculties; perhaps it is from the physical delight that every man has in exercising a well-developed organ; but, whatever the motive, man has always derived an exquisite pleasure from the simple act of perceiving a likeness, from the process of storing impressions and still more from the process of bringing them again to light when experience presents some new one which seems to need a match. It was just this pleasure that made it so much more profitable for the ancient rhapsodists to tell their tales in iambic or hexameter verse than in the storyteller's easier prose, for as each line came beating out and its last smooth cadence rounded it cleanly, every man in the listening group could see its resemblance to the last and to the last before, and look for the next to match it. In one of its earliest and simplest forms the love of repeated sound and the joy in its recognition have produced that strangely beautiful growth, the poetry of the Hebrews. The ordered or splendidly disordered correspondences, the sounding repetitions and haunting echoes which are the music of the Hebrew poets are not all lost in the transference to other tongues, and in our English version we still feel the power of Isaiah's two-bladed curses and wonder at his tra-

geries of interwoven sound. But these things are the products of a past age and a lost art, and while the world lasts there will be no second Isaiah. Yet from the clash of answering phrases it is no far cry to the clash of single words, and of this same love of echo the art of rhyme came into the light. Its birthplace, so far as touches the Western world, was lowly and obscure; but from the forgotten songs of a Latin dying and debased, rhyme has risen to take hold on the literatures of the world, filling the gaps which the passing of the old prosody had left and giving a new instrument of beauty to the singers that have come after. It opened new mines of musical wealth which have been worked by every poet in our tongue; it created Spenser and Pope, the lyrists, and the sonneteers; it created the songs of Shakespeare. The very existence of its poetry, perhaps, the French language owes to rhyme, for rhyme has supplemented and replaced the rigid mould of a clear-cut metre into which a substance so delicate and unstable could never have been compressed. To all the literatures of the later world it has given powers of color and melody such as Pindar and the tragedian lyrists of Athens wielded through firm, hard forms too intricate for another tongue than Greek to take.

These things are the greater children of the love of likeness—metre itself

and rhyme and the echoing war music of Hebrew poetry. There is another; one that has made history too in the world of literature, though little of its creative work remains. The poetry which "alliteration" (most barbarously named) has made in Europe has barely survived. The early Teutonic lays which found in the echoes of initial letters the needed system of repeated sounds to which it was the poet's task to mould his songs, save such as antiquaries have found among the flotsam of old Europe, have passed altogether from the consciousness of later days. Of Saxon and our own first English there is something left. "Beowulf" is not forgotten, with its limping couplets, two letters clashing and a single third—

"Fyrst forth gewat
Flota wæs on ythum"
(Time travelled on
The ship was on the waves)

—and in Langland's work, later by six hundred years and still a valued fragment of our poetic past, the long alliterations of "Piers Plowman" are still sounding, telling how

In somere seyson when soft the sonne
he wandered among the "Malverne
hulles" and saw that great vision of

A faire felde ful of folke

which is the heart of his strange, old, echoing poem. Spenser too, whose earliest editor pours marginal contempt upon "the ragged rake-helly rout that hunt the letter," did not fail to use alliteration liberally. Sometimes it is with extravagance, and the result is grotesque or labored:

In woods in waves in wars she wons
to dwell
And will be found with pleasure and
with pain;

but often with extreme delicacy and a fine perception of interacting sounds,

as in this haunting stanza from "Daphnaïda":

Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyl'd with travaile down
doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she
went,
And closde her eyes with carelesse
quietnesse;
The whilles soft death away her spirit
hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshli-
nesse.

Here the alliteration is pure ornament, it is no integral part of the scheme or structure of the measure; and it is in this function of ornament that alliteration has been most useful and most beautiful. By a very ancient tradition of speech which survives perhaps from the days when all learning was carried in the memory and conveyed by spoken word, we still cast our gnomic and proverbial sayings into alliterative form. "Kith and kin," "Bread and board," we say, and "Born in the blood is bred in the bone," and the result has been that manufactured epigrams in every language have been thought the better of an alliterative swing.

Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-
doux,

said Pope, pouring scorn by mere enumeration. Even Cæsar condescended to "Veni, Vidi, Vici," and if the vigor of those "V's" be robbed from him by the reformed pronunciation of his language, we see how great the condescension must have been. But since Cæsar sinned there have been worse things done, and if Shakespeare found the Elizabethan "alliteratist" fair game for satire, he would have had his fill of such sport to-day. When Holofernes "somewhat affects

the letter" and begins his epitaph with seven "p's"—

The **preyful** princess pierced and
pricked a pretty pleasing pricket

—he scarcely sinks as low as the headline artists of to-day and the puffers of pale-pink pills. Truly to-day the ragged and rake-helly rout boasts a membership both large and clamorous.

But these things are the degradation of what has been an instrument of high art. They have blunted it, ruined it, for this age, and till they are gone it cannot be employed again; but it has a past that need not be forgotten, and what Vergil has used, and Tennyson, Ælfric, and Ruskin, can never be permanently disgraced. No man was ever so completely master of the medium in which he worked as Vergil was master of his language and his measure, and it is in the Georgics and the Æneid that the most perfect examples of assonance perhaps in all literature are to be found. But it is the very soul of assonance rightly used that it be subtle, elusive, touched in with the lightest hand, combining with all the melodies that follow and precede to make perfect some whole chapter of harmonious sound. The work of Vergil's highest art cannot be cut from its place and shown apart, and where the effect is briefest there it must be most crude. Yet there are famous single lines in Vergil where alliteration is amply and yet worthily employed to produce some refinement of cadence or to suggest some special image to the mind. When he speaks of the Ganges, it is of

The silent sweeping of its seven
streams;

and he has described in a memorable line how

the singing spear
Severs the wind, sure aimed.

There is, too, a famous passage in the Georgics in which are described the warnings that precede a gale. By some magic which no analysis can fathom, the music of the lines alone, by rhythm and the play of answering sounds, recalls with weird effect the strained, unrestful silence that comes before a storm. The passage ends with a picture that all verse-writers have since sought to reproduce:

Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,
Et sola in sicca secum spatiat harena.

There is no mistaking in those lines the raucous importunity of the raven and the stately stepping of his solitary march. There are passages no less in English in which alliteration is used briefly but with effect. When Gray wrote

Weave the warp and weave the woof.
The winding-sheet of Edward's race,

there was no question of a delicate, subtle harmony sustained through a long elaborate passage, but there is no mistaking the wall of those two lines. The art is not concealed, but it is high art none the less.

Of all prose writers since Ælfric none has used alliteration so freely and with such rich effect as Ruskin. Those long impassioned sentences, those splendid mosaics of language in which the gloom and the glory of the mountains have been painted as no brush can paint, these owe half their color and half their music to the studied interplay of echoing sounds, to the weaving of like beginnings and the subtle striking once and again of answering notes. In a passage such as that which describes a view of distant peaks seen far up a long glen of the Trient, the infinite variety of effects makes real analysis impossible, and yet certain of the echoes ring out quite

clear and much of the art is not concealed. In the clear space high up where the valley cleaves the pines:

The summits of the rocky mountains are gathered into solemn crowns and circlets, all flushed in that strange, faint silence of possession, by the sunshine which has in it so deep a melancholy; full of power, and yet frail as shadows; lifeless like the walls of a sepulchre, yet beautiful in tender fall of crimson folds, like the veil of some sea spirit, that lives and dies as the foam flashes; fixed on a perpetual throne, stern against all strength, lifted above all sorrow, and yet effaced and melted utterly into the air by that last sunbeam that has crossed to them from between the two golden clouds.

The interweaving of "f" and "s" where the hills are sun-flushed "in that strange, faint silence of possession"; the sudden sparkle of white spray where the spirit "lives and dies as the foam flashes"; the mass, the resistance, where the range is throned "stern against all strength"; these are the things that Ruskin alone has wrought in our English prose. It is no profit to belaud them; they are their own laudation. As the last cadence of the paragraph is uttered the last word is said in praise of it.

One poet only has made language serve him as it served Ruskin here, the poet who beyond all others has bent English words and English metres to his will. Through all the last scene of Arthur's life there moves a music of sadness, sounding out of a distant past, and how far the echoes

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of repeated letters serve in the making of this music is seen in these lines which paint that last battle-field "by the winter sea":

... Thus over all that shore
Save for some whisper of the seething
 seas,
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous
 day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling,
 came
A bitter wind, clear from the North,
 and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the
 tide
Rose, and the pale King glanced across
 the field
Of battle: but no man was moving
 there;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan
 wave
Broke in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up
 and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the
 fallen,
And shiver'd brands that once had
 fought with Rome.
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.

If these lines have not the splendid strength of Epic nor the horrors and hoarseness of true war, they are full of the desolate cold of that weird field, full of the sound of the lapping sea, and through them run haunting melodies and the sighing of ancient griefs, and the sound of them casts again a glamour of life on dim figures of old dreams.

LITERARY HELP.

Some of our contemporaries, taking compassion on the literary aspirant in his difficulties, are prepared to furnish him, by way of help, with a candid criticism of his efforts. So good an example is worthy of imitation, and

to-day we offer the following comments on MSS. that have been submitted to us:—

John Milton.—You seem to have a certain facility in turning out blank verse, but your poem "Paradise Lost"

is insufferably long, and full of wearisome classical allusions. We feel sure that no editor would accept it. And yet there are ideas in the poem. You might, we think, have made a good deal more of *Adam's* first meeting with *Eve*. The piece, too, would be greatly improved by the use of suitable headlines, such as

Was it Love at first sight?

Interesting Story of how the First Man met the First Woman.

Was Eve a Suffragette? (N.B.—This last headline, though irrelevant to the poem, would be sure to prick the public attention in these troublous days, and we cannot too strongly insist that the only test of a work is its selling capacity. This is a point too often overlooked by beginners like yourself.)

No, we do not think you have enough ability to win a Limerick prize.

William Shakespeare.—Your play "*Hamlet*" is not without merit; there are indeed passages in it of which no practised hand would be ashamed, and we have little doubt that, if you persevere, you will in time write stuff good enough for the provincial stage. What we especially like about this little effort is that there is plenty of blood in it. We suggest that you cut out all the soliloquies, and tone the language up more.

Robert Burns.—There is no demand for the Scotch dialect poem: even the Scotch dialect story has gone out of fashion. Your only chance of success would be to have a few of your efforts set to music, and then forward them to your countryman, Harry Lauder, in the hope of his bringing them out at the Halls. You seem to have a leaning towards sentimental verse: you might develop this vein, taking as a model "*In the Twi-Twi-Twilight*."

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Francis Bacon.—The public does not read essays. If you aspire to be a leading-article writer, you must acquire a snappier style. No, we do not allow that any one can be the author of another man's plays. To be the author of a work, one must have written it oneself.

Oliver Goldsmith.—Your story "*The Vicar of Wakefield*" is exceedingly tame, and we do not think any editor would take it. The public is more interested in burglars and detectives than in vicars. But you are capable of improvement, both in style and plot. Study the works of the late Guy Boothby and "*The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*."

Percy B. Shelley.—Your lines are very fair, but you are by no means happy in your choice of subjects. You must study the popular taste more. The public does not want Laments: you should give them something in the style of "*Put me among the Girls*." You would perhaps do better in prose. Why not try your hand at a football story for the magazines?

William Wordsworth.—Do not be discouraged though your efforts have so far met with rejection. Have you read the verses, "*Will you love me in December as you do in May?*" Take these as a model: we think you are quite capable of rising to this level . . . Yes, a really good coster song, witty and up-to-date, would be sure of acceptance.

Samuel Johnson.—We have glanced through your "*Rasselas*." You appear to have set out with a very hazy idea as to whether you would write in English or Latin, and the result is a grotesque mixture. Before beginning a work, it is always well to decide what language you will write it in.

Robert Browning.—We should not advise you to write songs for the music-halls. Your style is not direct enough to get home on the public's heart.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Henry Holt and Company have just had to reprint for the twenty-sixth time Mrs. Voynich's remarkable romance of Garibaldi's defeat of the Austrians, entitled "The Gadfly." The book has always borne on the title page merely the name, "E. L. Voynich," and is written in such a virile style that for some time after its appearance people supposed the author was a man.

The American rights in General Kuropatkin's Military Memoirs have been secured by E. P. Dutton & Company of New York, who will bring it out almost immediately. In the Memoirs, General Kuropatkin frankly discusses the policies which led up to the Russo-Japanese War, and gives a full account of the conflict. Although he was for several months commander-in-chief of the Russian forces, the St. Petersburg censors have suppressed this work in Russia, a fact which speaks volumes for its importance in the eyes of the government bureaucrats.

Mrs. Katharine H. Newcomb is one of the best known among those teachers who undertake to show discontented and ailing men and women a path by which they may ascend to peace and happiness, putting behind them discontent and discomfort, and her little book, "Steps Along the Path" is quite sure to be eagerly read. It is composed of brief discourses, each with a striking title, grouped under such heads as "Thought Power," "Doubt and Faith," "Will and Character," the opening score being classed as "General Metaphysical Principles." Those who desire the assistance of such books will find Mrs. Newcomb's one of the best of its kind, terse, vivid, and impressive. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's "Infatuation" is the biography of a young woman who although carefully reared by a judiciously indulgent father elopes with a dissipated worthless actor many years her senior, and, by arduously striving to please him, even to the point of using his favorite profane expressions, and praying to order, reforms his manners and morals, and improves his mental machinery until he is a good actor and a fair imitation of a gentleman. Even granting all the author's premises, as to the unique temperament of both hero and heroine the tale is beyond belief after one has closed the book, and very few are the pages that do not create a doubt. The most that one can admit is that in real life some phases of the heroine would be charming; the hero is impossible. By some mistake the book, which has a very good cover, has a jacket apparently representing one of the Messina sufferers before the arrival of the Red Cross relief; this error should be corrected in the second edition. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The murder of an unknown man discovered a few moments before nearly all its traces are burned and many of those cognizant of it are killed is an excellent starting-point for a novel of mystery, and, having created it, Miss Mary Roberts Rinehart makes a clever piece of work of "The Man in Lower Ten." Who he was and why he was murdered are matters not much clearer than who murdered him, and the performances of the various persons who attempt to solve the component parts of the mystery darken counsel as if undertaken for that purpose and no other. The story is better than "The Circular Staircase," and is better told, both hero and heroine are worthy

of their places and the comic element is excellently managed to relieve the horrors. The book is modestly covered, and conspicuously jacketed, and illustrated with colored pictures in conformity with the newest taste and it deserves its pretty dress. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mr. Joseph Louis Vance's "The Bronze Bell" is better than "The Brass Bowl" but those who read Mr. Kipling will not be quite pleased by some of its characteristics. It is possible that he knows India thoroughly but it is unfortunately true that the cities and the personages of his story, and the costumes and the names of those persons have appeared in the Kipling books and stories. The fat Babu who is an agent of the secret service is from "Kim"; and his white colleagues are from "Kim" and from "Plain Tales from the Hills." The ambitious queen walks the pages of "The Naulahka"; the names come from both novels, and from stories. The incidents are not borrowed and a very entertaining chain they are, and very agreeably does the reader pass his time between fear and hope for the hero, an American, forced much against his will into a Rajput court intrigue, but the almost incessant encounters with Mr. Kipling's stage fittings, properties, personages, and colloquialisms greatly diminishes pleasure in the author's real merits. It is to be hoped that if he should ever again essay to write of any part of India he will learn something of it from other sources than from English fiction. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"Fish Stories" is a title to be lived down by gentle piety and sweet restraint of manner and it is painful to find that the "Prefatory Note" of the volume by Mr. Charles Frederick Holder and President Jordan abounds

in levity even to the depths of pun making, and speaking lightly of "the rules of the Higher Criticism." Farther, there is a frontispiece showing one of the authors—*Palmam qui meruit ferat!*—standing erect in a boat and beset by a cloud of flying fishes evidently of vicious intent and in the text he continues the story begun by the picture and is not guilty of anti-climax, and still the tale is not remarkable in the company in which it is found. In sober truth, if it be possible to be sober after reading more than three hundred pages of an intoxicating mixture of drollery and science, the two authors are admirably associated, and one chapter excepted, there is no reason, not strictly bromidian, for not accepting every word which they say. They explain many sea serpent tales; they describe rare fish; they duly honor the memory of Izaak Walton, they solve many a scientific riddle and they illustrate their book with excellent photographs and a few colored plates and as it is in the series called "Diversions from Nature" its high spirits are quite appropriate. One need not know a hook from a reel to enjoy reading these "Fish Stories." Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. C. E. Fillebrown's "The A B C of Taxation," although its illustrations are drawn from Boston is addressed to all holders of real property and especially real property in cities and it is so clearly and plainly written that it must move many readers to the acceptance of the author's views. The book is arranged in four parts: "The A B C of Taxation," "Three Boston Object Lessons in Taxation," "Private Property in Land," and an Appendix including much valuable matter not to be found elsewhere. To those who have never considered the subject at all, the author's dissertation on the civic extravagance of permitting old

and almost useless buildings to occupy costly land will be the startling thing in the book, and the advocates of garden cities will be somewhat surprised to find that the much reviled sky-scraper, if universally adopted, might transform Boston into a garden city of a sort, the alternation of lofty blocks and little parks being an arrangement as cheap as long ranges of low buildings. The chapter on "Regulation of Public Utilities" will be eagerly studied and the paper on "The Single Tax and the Farmer" will be heartily welcomed by the farmers, but it is ground rent in the cities to which the author's attention is chiefly directed, and to which he would have his readers turn their thoughts. Many of the papers contained in the volume have been published in various forms but they have been carefully reversed and corrected when necessary, and the book represents the work and experience of twelve years. Doubleday, Page & Co.

If new novels were not as the locusts of the desert, nay, as the sands of the sea shore; if a new novel could be assured of being read carefully and judiciously by a poor hundred persons besides the professional critics, it might be worth while to write such books as Mr. Ellery H. Clark's "Loaded Dice," but is it, the world being what it is? Here is a story really conceived artistically; really dealing with the very gravest problems, but seeming, to a hasty or to a superficial reader, of no better quality than the countless books, written with no higher intent than to introduce as many criminals of as many species as a man can reasonably be supposed to meet in five years, and to describe as many ugly scenes as can find space in a given number of pages. In short, here one seems to find one more American picaresque novel, better written than many which have been accepted by publishers, but with

such a company of characters that, after the introduction of the ninth or tenth unspeakable person, the fastidious man turns to a yellow daily paper in search of comparative respectable company. He who perseveres, suspecting serious intention in a casual conversation in an early chapter will find in the end that the ruthlessly plain story of a struggle for wealth and power conducted with an eye single to success, is an excellent exposition of the inevitable fate of the unbridled vanity that fancies itself equal to defying eternal law. It is a very good sermon like all absolutely logical stories resting on a basis of Christian morality, but it is so written as to have a special lesson for politicians and financiers so stupid as to fancy that their puny will can long block the chariot wheels of righteousness. Particularly excellent is the crowning touch of making the victim of his own folly lose at the last moment his one remaining shred of self-respect, the pride of "dying game." If Mr. Clark should never write another book, he may be sure of a place in the memory of those who know literature when they see it; those who do not will very probably class "Loaded Dice" as "One of those dreadful stories about bad folk, my dear," or "Just another story about their old politics." Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mr. Henry Harland's "The Royal End" is a thrice welcome grace, because unexpected, but its arrival is saddened by the knowledge that it is his last, having been left unfinished, and completed by his wife who was his collaborator. It is a pretty story of that rather uncommon person, a New England Catholic heiress, and of her adventures in Italy which she visited with her friends, Harry Pontycroft, a rich Englishman, and his sister, Lady Dor. She behaved perfectly when a handsome young heir apparent, benev-

olently offered her a morganatic marriage, and again perfectly when, having come into his kingdom, he tendered her a share of his throne, and then she came to the "Royal End" which is love. Agreeable talk and pleasant description are the staple of the book which compares the advantages of a state of society not harboring certain ancient sins, but not offering certain agreeable luxuries of ceremony and stateliness. The story has the touch of Catholicity found in all the author's books after his conversion, and its small plea is very gracefully made.

In one particular, in its phrase "the New England Non-conformist conscience" the text is in error, and the matter is worth mentioning because so many minor writers of fiction and so many apprentice journalists carefully copy every novel phrase or word used by an author of merit. The New England conscience is the Puritan conscience hardened by almost three centuries of New England snows. The Nonconformist conscience is a very noble actuality, the name of which was the phrase used by the Irish Home Rulers to conceal the actual cause of Parnell's fall, the defection of the Irish Catholic priesthood and laity after his marriage. Thus they flattered their English allies by exaggerating their very slight influence upon Irish opinion, and with their tongues in their cheeks, lamented their lost leader, who as it happened, obligingly died before any marplot explained the situation, and left both English and Irish in a state of perfect complacency. The relic of the incident is the phrase "the Non-conformist conscience" but that conscience lives only in Britain and in Ireland. Ruth Adgate's conscience is the kind naturally inherited by Priscilla Alden's descendants, the backbone of a feminine character which no New Englander will admit should give precedence to any other possible variety,

and Ruth herself is as lovely a lady as ever grew in sun and shade. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Wallace Irwin is always agreeably amusing, but nothing which he has hitherto written has indicated the possession of such imaginative power as is everywhere manifest in his "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy," a series published in Collier's Weekly, and now reprinted in a book illustrated by Mr. Rollin Kirby. His "Schoolboy," Hashimura Togo by name, a man thirty-five years of age, table-boy in a San Francisco boarding-house, is no proud and chivalrous noble in disguise, studying these United States in the service of the Mikado. He is, on the contrary, a vulgar and ignorant little personage who has come to America to obtain money; arrogant as ignorance always is; profoundly misunderstanding everything about him, but judging all justly, according to his light which is almost uniformly darkness. If the reader will take the trouble to search through his careful disarrangements of words to detect their meaning, he will discover that they come from an entirely consistent personage, plausible, selfish to the core, with the self-control of a Spartan; the conceit of a German; the trickiness of an American of the lowest type; a Swede's inaccessibility to new ideas; a home-grown conviction of the worthlessness of truth; and an iron-clad amiability, that would provoke Grandison to profanity, and stir a fever in the blood of the mildest Buddhist. The spelling, the pronunciation, the theories of etymology of this creature are so completely erroneous that almost every phrase which he writes is incorrect, and yet the reader finds himself thinking, "If we look like that to the subjects of the Mikado, the sooner we correct their impressions the better for both of us," and in this feeling lies a possible element of mischief, the only

unfortunate quality in a delightful book. It is necessary, while reading Mr. Irwin to remember, that only in vocabulary and phrase can Hashimura Togo be regarded as a study from the life. His mind and soul are such as Mr. Irwin has imagined for him, and neither his government nor his people can be judged by them. It is necessary to say this because every series of fictitious letters is seriously received by a certain number of persons, and a precisely similar series, written in the character of a Babu by "F. Anstey," and published in *Punch* was seriously criticised as an illuminating study of Hindu character. For many a day there will be Americans to whom Hashimura Togo's statements will outweigh Townsend Harris, Mr. Percival Lowell and Lafcadio Hearn. He is to be taken as a joke and in no other way, and as such he is a subject for genuine gratitude to his author. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The fundamental jest of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "On Nothing & Kindred Subjects" is venerable, but he contrives to find many a novelty to accompany it, and the little book is such a collection of amusing papers as one seldom meets. At first reading, one's enjoyment is marred by the odious comparison, for it is hardly possible to avoid reflection upon the literary superiority of the snappish railing presented as wit by two or three rather conspicuous English jesters and dramatists, and the time is lost in, which one thinks upon these personages. As for Mr. Belloc himself, one could pass a long day pleasantly with his jests and still find enjoyment in them. Here is a little paper reproducing a train conversation between two average muddle-heads, one of whom defines himself and his ancestors by a request for information as to the occasion on which Lord Charles Beres-

ford received his title, and the nature of the services for which it was given. Again here is a paper on cats, whom Mr. Belloc calls "They" and professes to fear, averring that all that they do is venomous, and all that they think is evil; and here is one on the taxpayer and one on the national debt, and another on the return of the dead which are full of drollery. The last is an excellent specimen of Mr. Belloc's method. According to him the reason why the dead do not return nowadays is the boredom of it, and, moreover, they remember what happened to Rabelais in 1902. He returned with the kind intention of lecturing at the London School of Economics and establishing a good solid objective relationship between the two worlds, and the police arrested him for using language which in the words of the magistrate before whom he was brought "would be comprehensible only in a citizen of the nation to which you have the misfortune to belong." Rabelais disappeared long before this little speech was over, and went back among the immortals, swearing that he would not do it again for 6,375,409,702 sequins. In the paper "On an Unknown Country" Mr. Belloc discourses seriously of such matters as those of which Mr. Kipling spoke when he told of the power of magical words and adds a few verses to those quoted by his brother author. There is not a paper in the book which is not so good that one does not wish to pass its excellence along to a friend. Mr. Belloc's weapon is surprise; he begins gravely and suddenly explodes a jest; he begins humorously and suddenly waxes grave, or he leads readers into a blind alley and leaves them facing a dead wall but always he amuses. He has tried his hand at many species of writing but seldom with more success than has been granted to him in this volume. E. P. Dutton & Co.